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King.

Ambassador.

Lancer Officers.

BRITAIN'S AID TO THE BRITISH QUEEN OF SPAIN IN PERIL: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND OFFICERS OF THE 16TH LANCERS HELPING HER MAJESTY TO ALIGHT AFTER THE BOMB EXPLOSION.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.

Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador in Madrid, was near the scene of the explosion, and at once hurried to the Queen's assistance. His Excellency helped her Majesty to alight, and was aided by officers of the 16th Lancers, King Alfonso's English regiment.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE attempt at Madrid is too atrocious to be taken seriously. Journalistic invective is an anti-climax. One thing I cannot understand about Anarchists is the fact that they are so astonishingly behind the times. They profess to be a new movement, although, of course, no form of philosophic folly is really new. When they write they write nonsense indeed, but generally modern nonsense—full of phrases about Sociology and Capitalism and the means of production. When they talk they talk nonsense indeed, but modern nonsense—about the proletariat and the economic group. But when they come to murder they step back into the sixteenth century. They become a sort of inverted Royalists. They kill Kings, or try to kill them; they appeal to the sentiment of Divine Right. Dynamiters are, indeed, almost the only people in the modern world who treat Kings with an entire respect: they are the only people who take Monarchy seriously. The bomb is a sort of quaint old symbol, a piece of ritual, like the orb and the sacred oils. Just as there remains out of the great historic past the ceremony of coronation, so there seems to remain the ceremony of tyrannicide. But if the Anarchists were not thus sentimentally lingering in the romance of the good old days they would not, under present conditions, aim at Kings at all, nor even at Presidents of Republics. They would blow up prominent business men, financiers, pullers of wires, even politicians. There are a certain number of men whose removal would really, for a time at least, alter actual events. A great banker about to lend a huge sum, a great expert about to give evidence, a great surgeon who alone can save a life, a public man bent on a great public step, a millionaire making a corner, a chief of police making an arrest, the best general in an army, the ablest diplomatist at a court, a detective, a jockey, a stock-broker, a pugilist, a butcher, a baker, a candlestick-maker—all these are people whom a man could murder with a certain abominable reasonableness. If a man blew up Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Vanderbilt, Lord Rothschild, we should all agree that the act was comprehensible, though we might differ about which cases were literally justifiable. But a man who tries to murder Kings is carrying old-world romanticism too far. To say, as many papers say, that such men are mad, is inadequate. They are worse than mad—they are silly.

For such a man misunderstands the whole modern meaning and utility of royal families. The great and important use (right or wrong) to which a modern royal house is put is that of supplying the vast mass of the nation with a sort of enduring romance—a romance not differing at all in proportions from their own romances, but only differing in scale, only differing in the fact that it is well known to all. For this peculiar purpose the Spanish marriage was more fitted than most; there was about it a real element of youth and chivalry. But this certainly is the whole use of royal families and royal marriages in our day. Ten million readers can follow the life of King Alfonso and his wife exactly as ten million readers could follow the life of Sir Alured Fitzthunderbolt and his wife in the serial story of a popular magazine. In a word, what advantage there is in the method is a wholly emotional advantage. The public use of a royal family is not merely that it is royal, but that it is a family. Seeing that this is the case, the imbelicity of the modern regicides becomes twofold: they are adding romance to the lives of those who have no hold except romance. A great financier like Mr. Rockefeller, a great pro-consul like Lord Milner, affect actual affairs whether we hear of them or not: the one is powerful, if only as a nameless purchaser; the other is powerful, if only as a nameless permanent official; they are omnipotent even when they are obscure. They are, in the strongest sense of the word, public men. Everything they do may affect the public. They have designs touching the public; they carry out those designs and carry them out successfully. Hence even their private conversation is of public import: their life is a political life, a public life. But the life of a royal family is not in this practical sense a public life. It is only a private life—lived in public.

As to the talk, fashionable in many papers, of the need of a savage vigilance to prevent such crimes, and the urgency of stamping out the gangs and groups of Anarchists, the indignation which prompts it is altogether righteous, but it seems to me to rest upon a fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of the whole phenomenon. These wretches may or may not act as gangs. But it is the whole of their philosophy that they act as individuals. It is not merely that an Anarchist claims the right to act against human society. The Anarchist claims the right to act against the Anarchist society. In all their pamphlets (which I used to read with a flippant pleasure) it is always affirmed that the

"groups" are free of the society and the individuals of the "groups." When we talk of Anarchists we always begin also to talk of plots; but we forget that plotting is the last thing an Anarchist is likely to do successfully, because it involves an *ἀρχή*, or rule. There must be some government even in a plot against the Government. It is not likely, I think, that the Anarchist would be a good plotter. But one thing is clear: whether or no an Anarchist can be a good plotter, a plotter can hardly be a good Anarchist.

The truth which follows is, I think, plain. It is most probable that the miserable men who commit these crimes are very commonly acting on their own initiative, with at most a very few fellow-criminals. The same insane egoism and suffocation of self-regard which makes them glad to be a minority in human society makes them glad to be a minority in their own sect. It may be that the very outcasts of these outcasts are they who shake our cities to their foundations. And this, of course, quite inexpressibly increases the difficulty of capturing or suppressing them. Anything that has order and reason can be traced and disentangled: a cleverly concerted crime can be discovered by cleverer people. But a stupid crime is quite secure.

The death of Ibsen is an event not unconnected, I think, with the subject of Anarchism. For the great query of the Anarchist, "Why should I obey?" is of the kind that Ibsen spent his life in asking. Those who called him merely immoral were, of course, wide enough of the mark: he was not consistent enough to be called immoral. His true attitude is much better conveyed in a reported utterance of his: he is said to have said, "My business is to ask questions and not to answer them." This able summary has been quoted by many of his admirers of late with the strongest admiration. But it marks in a manner his weakness and the intellectual weakness of his time. If Ibsen had been a better philosopher, if his time had been more interested in pure philosophy, he would have known that there are a certain number of well-known questions which can be asked and cannot be answered; and that it is a waste of time to ask them. Children ask them: "Where is yesterday now?" "Why does to-morrow never come?" "Did I dream so and so?" "Was it real?" "What is real?" and so on. And one of the questions the child asks is, "Why should I obey?"—the question of the Anarchist. How can divine individuality be reconciled with an authority in society? Ibsen said, "The strongest man is he who stands most alone." In that case the strongest man throws a bomb.

Recent events in America offer at least one example of the kind of people whom rebellion might assail, but does not. Why is not such indignation directed towards the lords of the Meat Trust, who, having got the whole trade in their hands, calmly proceed to poison a continent? In a savage tribe they would be stoned to death. In a mediæval village they would be hanged on the nearest tree. In a modern and highly civilised State, with a network of laws and a clockwork of police, it is excessively unlikely that anything at all will be done to them. The meekness of some comments astound me. I saw in a paper yesterday that it is to be hoped that these revelations of poisoned meat will give a great impetus to vegetarianism. It is wonderful! We are all to eat grass, like the ox, because a few rich men will not be kind enough to give us the meat we have paid for. I go to my hatter's and buy a hat: on trying it on I discover the inside to be lined with poisoned spikes; but I am too polite to make any remarks to the tradesman. I merely sigh, and say that after all there is a great deal to be said for joining the Hatless Brigade. On buying a pair of boots I find they are full of snakes; so I walk bare-foot up to the City, congratulating myself on this compulsory movement towards the Simple Life. The meat revelations may encourage vegetarianism, but I should have thought it would be more likely to encourage murder. But nothing is stranger about the modern world than its tendency to acquiesce in the tyrannies that really oppress it. There was probably never a time in the history of mankind when rich men were so much as to-day in clover—pigs in clover, if I may be permitted to call them so. They are no longer beheaded for high treason; they have no longer even to fight duels. But they still run the world, and run it now with scarcely any risk to themselves at all. All the wrong they do can be either hushed up by their allies or explained away by their newspapers, or, in the last resort, attributed (as the packing crimes will certainly in the last resort be attributed) to subordinates and scapegoats. They are the real Anarchists; they are practically outside the law, and their meat is more dangerous than dynamite. They are the real Kings; another mints the money, but they control it. Yet the world does not seem to grow very angry with them. When we grow angry it is with two minorities, both very small and both almost powerless: Kings—and Anarchists.

FESTIVITY AND OUTRAGE.

(See Supplements.)

THURSDAY, May 31, 1906, will long be remembered in Spain, for on that date King Alfonso XIII. wedded a British Princess and escaped unhurt from a hideous outrage that stained the bride's dress and shoes with the blood of innocent men. It had been a great day, for all Spain had sent representatives to take part in the rejoicings that filled the windy, sun-stricken capital. Rich and poor had come, in trains, on motor-cars, or afoot, from the corn lands and the country of the vines, from the fertile region where the oranges grow, and the trackless plains where swine fatten and their keepers speak a dialect that Castile does not know. From mountain and plain, from the four points of the compass, they came to greet the English girl who was to become their Queen, and Spain forgot her troubles when the King left the Palacio Real for the church of San Geronimo, and spectators saw something of the royal pomp that the country, for all its poverty, has managed ever to preserve. Grandees, foreign Princes, and special Envoys led the way, and the King was accompanied by Prince Charles of Bourbon and the little Heir-Presumptive. The Queen-elect followed in her own procession from rooms that had been set apart for her at the Ministry of Marine, and met King Alfonso at the state entrance to the church. Within, foreign Princes and Princesses sat on golden chairs, while Cardinal Sancha, assisted by two other Cardinals and seventeen Bishops, solemnised the marriage. The service was in accordance with the ancient ritual of Toledo, and consisted, in part, of a passage from the catechism of Pope Benedict XIV. According to the curious custom of the ritual, the King handed thirteen pieces of gold to his bride, saying, "I give you this gold as a pledge of matrimony," and when the bridal couple knelt before the Cardinal Archbishop, he placed a yoke of white satin ribbon on their necks and gave them the pontifical benediction. Then came the triumphal progress of the young King and Queen through the streets of their capital, and some idea of the procession may be gathered from the fact that there were at least sixty splendid coaches, all drawn by superbly caparisoned horses. Trumpets sounded, and church bells pealed, and royal salutes thundered everywhere; but in the Calle Mayor, at a moment when the glittering procession had come to a momentary standstill, an Anarchist named Mateo Moral, standing on a balcony of the upper floor of a house belonging to the Queen-Mother, threw a bomb hidden in a bouquet at the royal coach.

It would be hard to describe in words the scene that followed, but in that moment of supreme horror and confusion a photographer pressed the spring of his camera, half involuntarily, and the tragedy was recorded upon a plate. Through the efforts of one of our representatives in Madrid, Mr. W. J. Edwards, we have secured the exclusive right of reproduction in Great Britain of this photograph, to describe which that ill-used word, unique, may be pressed into service. The tragedy is revealed there in all its hideousness. One sees men fallen stricken from their horses and can catch some suggestion of the horror of the moment. Before dismissing the lamentable incident we might add that the perpetrator of the outrage was arrested on the Alcala road by a *garde champêtre*. Moral immediately shot the policeman, but was pursued by country folk, and, finding himself in danger of immediate capture, committed suicide. His cruel action in the Calle Mayor resulted in the death of nearly a score of people, while considerably more than fifty were wounded.

It is needless, of course, to remark that this tragedy, for which Anarchy is responsible, cast a gloom over all the subsequent festivities. On the night of the wedding Madrid was but half illuminated, but on the following day, while the Madrileños were discussing the event, the King and Queen drove through their city on a motor-car without escort of any kind, and their plucky action roused the populace to enthusiasm. In the afternoon King Alfonso visited the hospitals where the wounded were lying, and on Saturday festivities were resumed, and the State bull-fight was given in the Plaza del Triunfo. The Prince and Princess of Wales and British Diplomatic representatives did not attend this function. In the evening the Royal Palace, which is probably the finest in Europe, was the scene of a crowded reception, attended by all the Envoys and their suites, together with the *élite* of Spanish Society; but owing to the general mourning in Madrid there was no dancing. On Sunday the King and Queen, with all the members of the royal family, attended Divine service in the Palace Chapel, and later in the day the Prince of Wales invested the Spanish Premier, Señor Moret, with the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. On Monday a grand military review was held on the plains of Carabanchel, within a few miles of the capital, and though the review opened at nine o'clock in the morning, an enormous crowd had gathered to witness it. The evening was devoted to a gala performance at the Royal Theatre.

Since then there has been a great battle of flowers, in which the King and Queen, by the advice of the

Ministry, took no part. By the time this brief review of a remarkable week is published, King Alfonso and his Queen will have satisfied the heavy demands of Spanish Court etiquette, and will be able to enjoy a brief holiday in peace. There will be none to deny that they have earned a period of repose. Their behaviour in circumstances that could hardly have been more trying has aroused the sympathy and admiration of all Spain, and even the people whose politics forbid them to support the existing régime have recorded their admiration for King Alfonso's courage, and the feelings of horror with which they regard the hideous outrage that went near to plunge all Spain into mourning, if not into civil war. The conscience of Europe has been deeply stirred, and there are rumours of another international conference to concert fresh measures for the safety of those who rule. There are Anarchists in every country, and the laws framed to protect honest citizens against miscarriage of justice are used as a shield by these men who acknowledge no law. Switzerland and Great Britain are the happy hunting-ground of Anarchists, for there the laws they defy protect them from arrest to an extent that is quite unknown elsewhere; but it is clear that the period of their immunity is passing, if it has not passed. The Republic will join these islands in adapting its laws to the conditions that the Anarchists themselves have created, and if men with real and deep social grievances fail to secure a fair hearing they must lay the blame upon the desperadoes at whose door Europe must lay the loss of the Empress of Austria and King Humbert of Italy, to say nothing of others whose lives did nothing to justify their death. It may be that the bomb of the Anarchist, for all the suffering it wrought, has done a great and valuable work in bringing many who stood apart from the Alfonsist party into sympathy with its brave young Sovereign. The Spaniards are gallant and generous, they will be proud of their King and Queen, and unite in the hope that the wedding day saw the last tragedy of their wedded life.

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From ALBERT DOCK, LEITH, to ABERDEEN, CAITNESS and ORKNEY and SHETLAND, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times in the week, from beginning of May to end of September.

ST. MAGNUS HOTEL, HILLSWICK, SHETLAND, under the Company's management. Comfortable quarters, Excellent Cuisine, and Moderate Terms. Grand Rock Scenery. Good Loch and Sea Fishing in neighbourhood.

SHETLAND HOLIDAY TRIP, Eleven Days, all found for £6 6s., including a week at St. Magnus Hotel, Hillswick, from Leith every Monday.

Handbook and full particulars from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all branch offices; Wordie and Co., 75, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Hourston, 1, Tower Place, Leith; and

CHARLES MERRYLIES, Manager, Aberdeen.

C.P.R. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. AND STEAMSHIP LINES.

LIVERPOOL TO CANADA.

First Cabin: Second and Third Class.

S.S. EMPRESS OF BRITAIN (twin-screw) 14,500 tons .. June 9.
 S.S. LAKE CHAMPLAIN (twin-screw) 7392 tons .. June 12.

NOTE.—MAIDEN VOYAGE of the New Steamer, "EMPRESS OF IRELAND," LARGEST and FASTEST to CANADA, June 29.

Free Pamphlet re "Work and Wages."

AUSTRALIA, JAPAN, CHINA, NEW ZEALAND.

Fast Mail via Vancouver. Reduced fares from England; choice of Atlantic Steamers. C. P. Rly., 62, Charing Cross, S.W. (facing Trafalgar Square); or 67, King William St., E.C.

HARROGATE.—DELIGHTFUL HEALTH RESORT.

WORLD-RENOUNDED MINERAL SPRINGS (upwards of 80).

FINEST BATHS IN EUROPE. Hydrotherapy of every description.

Bracing Moorland Air. Splendid Scenery. Walks and Drives.

Good and Varied Entertainments daily in new Kursaal.

Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from Town Clerk, HARROGATE.

FRENCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

FRENCH. GERMAN. COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTION.

Reference in England, Prof. JACCARD, Orient Ville.

LAUSANNE, Rue de l'Avant Poste, SWITZERLAND.

GRAND HOTEL, BRUNNEN, Lake of Lucerne.

First Class. MOST IMPORTANT HOTEL IN SWITZERLAND, opened 1904.

Latest Baths and Sanitation. Central Heating.

Magnificent Hall and Terrace. Finest View and Excursion Centre. Immense Private Park.

Music, Tennis, Fishing, Boating. Auto Garage.

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Altitude, 5000 feet. Ab. Martigny, Switzerland.

First-class ideal summer resort place, facing glaciers.

Carriages, Martigny.

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PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOURS—PORTRAITURE AND REPRODUCTIONS.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY

at the
 ST. JAMES' STUDIO, 45, OLD BOND STREET, W.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on

WEDNESDAY, 13th JUNE, at 4 p.m., at the ROYAL INSTITUTION

Albemarle Street.

General Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.S., will preside.

An Address will be given by Mr. R. A. S. Macalister on the work of the Society.

For tickets apply to the Acting Secretary, P. E. Fund, 38, Conduit Street, W.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Portraits.

Sir Charles Tennant, one of the most eminent of Scottish men of business, died suddenly at Broad Oaks on June 4. Sir Charles had been in bad health for

some time, but was not thought to be dying. He fell ill a few months ago at Biarritz during the King's visit, and his Majesty sent his own physician to see him. The late Baronet directed one of the largest chemical works in Scotland, but that was only one of his many business interests. He was chairman of the Union Bank of Scotland, was connected with the Steel Company of Scotland, the United Alkali Company, and many other enterprises. He was also one of the chief promoters of the Forth Bridge. A Gladstonian in politics, Sir Charles in 1886 lost his seat in Parliament through loyalty to his leader, and although he contested the Partick Division of Lanarkshire in 1890, he was not returned, and his political career ended there. Sir Charles, who was a trustee of the National Gallery, formed one of the finest private collections of English masters. In his house in Grosvenor Square are some magnificent examples of Reynolds's works. He presented Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone to the National Gallery. Sir Charles, who was twice married, had a large family. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest surviving son, Mr. E. P. Tennant. His youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Tennant, is the wife of Mr. Asquith.

Mr. George Chetwynd Griffith, author of "The Angel of the Revolution," and many other sensational novels,

debarred from manual labour, he began to educate himself, and found work in the local post-office. When he was seventeen he joined the Fenians, and very soon became a power in that body. He took part in the attack on Chester Castle, and for this and other offences he was sent to penal servitude for fifteen years. There is no doubt that Davitt

The Natal Rebellion.

The rebellion in Natal shows no sign of coming to an end, although Silwane, who is said to be the most powerful chief in Natal, has offered to assist in quelling the Zulu rising, and his offer has been accepted. Several indunas have surrendered, but Bambata has not been brought to a decisive action.

Colonel Royston has been active, and several casualties are reported from his troop in a recent action that cost the rebels some hundred and forty men. Dinizulu's attitude is still open to considerable doubt, and it is likely that he will be summoned to Pietermaritzburg in order to define his position in relation to the rebellion. No complete account of the campaign is yet to hand, so we cannot form a satisfactory estimate of the plan of action against the rebels. It is quite likely that Natal will be unable to see the campaign through unaided, for Bambata, though elusive, seems to be an excellent man of war, and is equipped with a thorough knowledge of the conditions most favourable to his continued existence upon this planet.

The Transvaal Inquiry.

Sir West Ridgeway and his colleagues on the Committee of Inquiry left the Transvaal last Monday after a month's hard work. The Committee has conducted its operations *in camera*, but it is by no means certain that any good result has been achieved. It is undeniable that the Boers wish to secure power when the Constitution is granted, and that they are opposed to the principle of "one vote one value," that would leave the balance of power in the hands of the British majority in the Transvaal. It is very



THE LATE SIR CHARLES TENNANT, BART.
Eminent man of business and patron of art.



SIR EDWARD P. TENNANT, BART.
Who succeeds Sir Charles in the title.

really suffered for another man, whose name he refused to divulge out of respect to his oath. After he had served seven years at Dartmoor he was released in December 1877, and was publicly received in Dublin and entertained at breakfast by Mr. Parnell. When he came out of prison he joined the Fenian Brotherhood as a member of the Supreme Council, and two years later he founded the Land League.

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Photo, W&A.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE HENRIK IBSEN.

Henrik Ibsen was buried at Christiania on June 1. The King, the members of the Government, and many foreign celebrities were present at the ceremony.



Photo, Hutts Transp.

THE MADRID OUTRAGE: THE VICTIMS' FUNERAL.

On the evening of June 1 eight victims of the Madrid outrage were buried. The King was represented, and all the members of the Spanish Government attended.

died at Port Erin on June 4. He was the son of a country clergyman. His biography in a well-known work of reference says that he had the advantage of neglected early instruction, and that he got his education wandering about the world. He was sea-apprentice, sundowner, sailor, stock-rider, butcher, globe-trotter, journalist, schoolmaster, and story-writer. By his own confessions his recreations were loafing, travelling, and sailing. He had been six and a half times round the world, and he was said to hold a record for circling the globe in sixty-four and a half days. He crossed the Andes thrice, and treasured a pipe smoked at 19,300 feet above sea-level. He rounded Cape Horn three times, and found the source of the Amazon River system. He went in a balloon from London to the field of Agincourt, and used to say he was the last Englishman that fell there.

Michael Davitt, one of the most chivalrous combatants in the Irish Nationalist cause, died on May 31, at the age of sixty. He was born at Straid, in Co. Mayo, and was the son of an impoverished farmer, who was evicted when Michael was four years old. The family came to England and settled in Rosendale Valley, where the boy was sent to work in a mill. There, when he was eleven, he lost his right arm. Thus

In February 1881 he was rearrested, and was kept at Portland for fifteen months, without, however, being sent to convict labour. Released on the conclusion of the Kilmainham Treaty, he induced Mr. Parnell to found the Land League, but held no office in it. In February 1883 one of his speeches was regarded as a breach of the peace, and he found himself in Dublin Gaol for four months. On his release, he spent two years lecturing in the United States and at home. Before the Parnell Commission he delivered a memorable speech in his own defence. He was first elected to Parliament in 1882, as Member for Meath, but owing to his ticket-of-leave, could not take his seat. Later, he sat for North Meath and for North-East Cork. He was in Parliament less than a year, being forced to resign owing to bankruptcy proceedings instituted against him by his opponents at Meath. In 1895 he was re-elected for East Kerry and South Mayo, and he was frequently heard in debate on the Land question until his final resignation in 1899. His courage and

enthusiasm compelled the respect of even his bitterest political enemies, and he will be remembered as the most fearless and brilliant of the Irish Nationalists of the last half-century. He may have been Quixotic, but it was the Quixotry of patriotism; and when he erred it was through the generous enthusiasm of a man who believed in himself and in his cause.

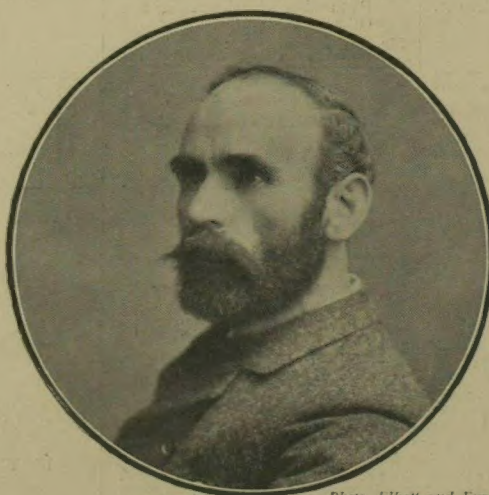
necessary that a Constitution should be granted without further delay, because the economic condition in the Transvaal is deplorable, and the British population tends steadily to decrease, because the stagnation of trade and paralysis of industry in the country are very serious, and are likely so to remain. The situation is an exceedingly complicated and difficult one, because the Home Government is rightly anxious to do all that should be done to heal the wounds left by the late disastrous war and to restore confidence to a country that, for good or evil, must be reckoned with as one of the world's greatest gold-producers. The Boers have certain inherited traditions that they are naturally unwilling and unable to forget, and in diplomacy they have proved time out of mind more than a match for their plain-spoken and sometimes short-tempered opponents. The fact that Sir West Ridgeway has been unable to find a compromise that will appeal to both parties adds to the gloom that seems to have settled permanently in the Transvaal.

"Hospital Sunday."

Sunday, June 17, is set aside for the Hospital Sunday Fund collection, and the official appeal is now published. The money collected will be divided among 247 institutions,

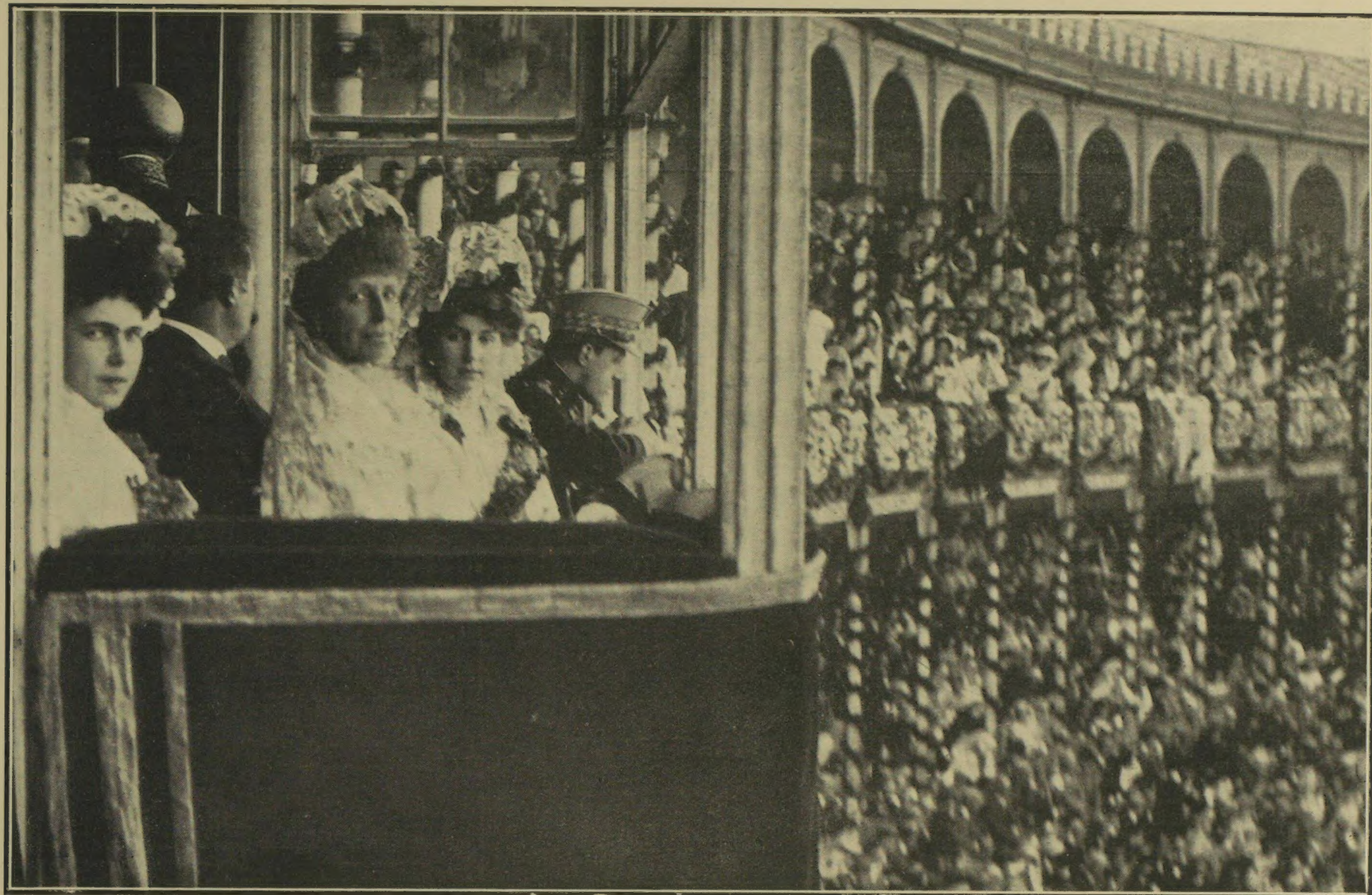


THE LATE MR. GEORGE GRIFFITH,
Novelist.



THE LATE MICHAEL DAVITT,
Irish Nationalist Leader.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, AND HER DEAD ASSAILANT.

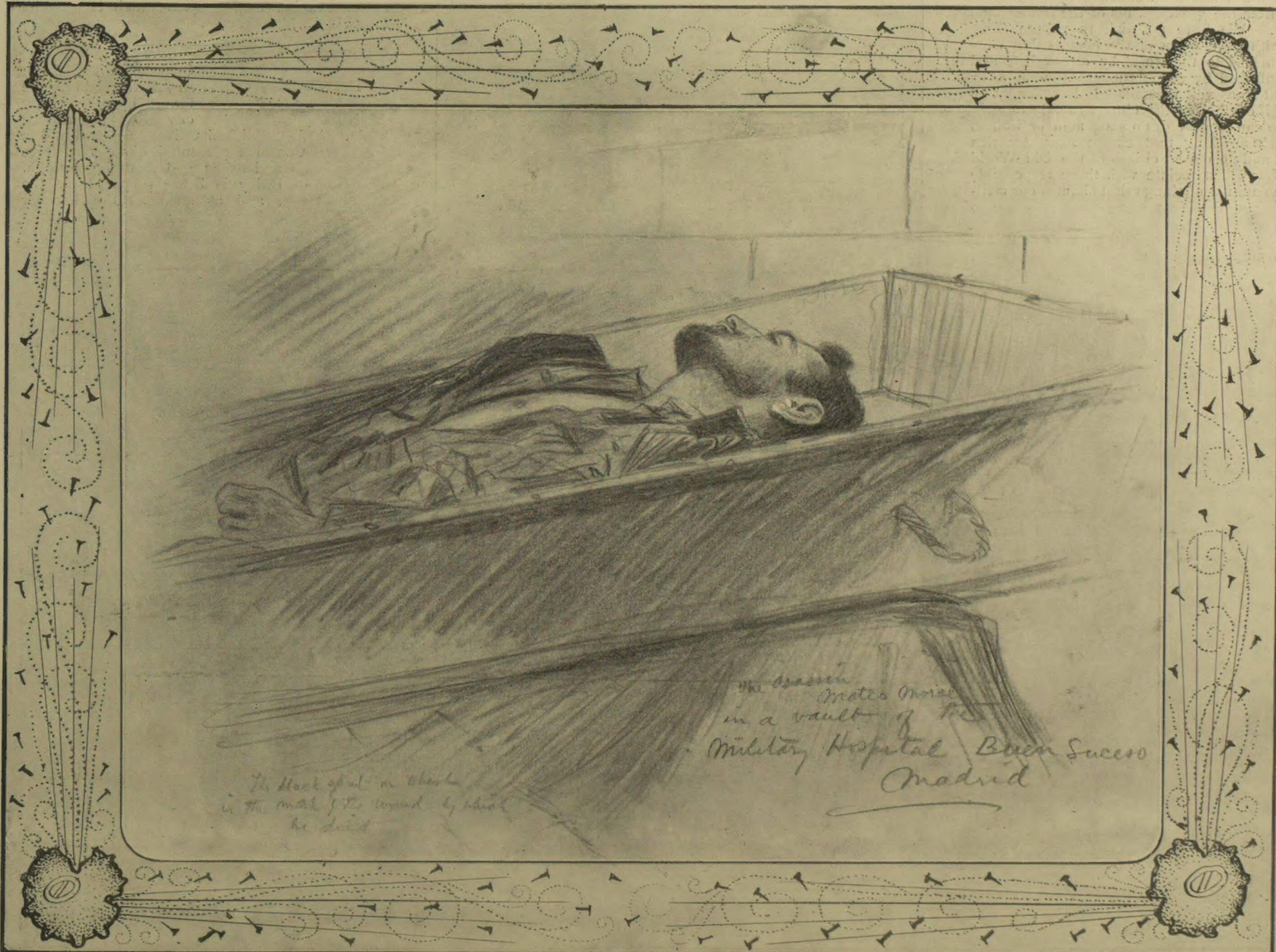


Queen-Mother. Queen. King.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN SPANISH NATIONAL COSTUME: HER MAJESTY AT THE BULL-FIGHT.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.

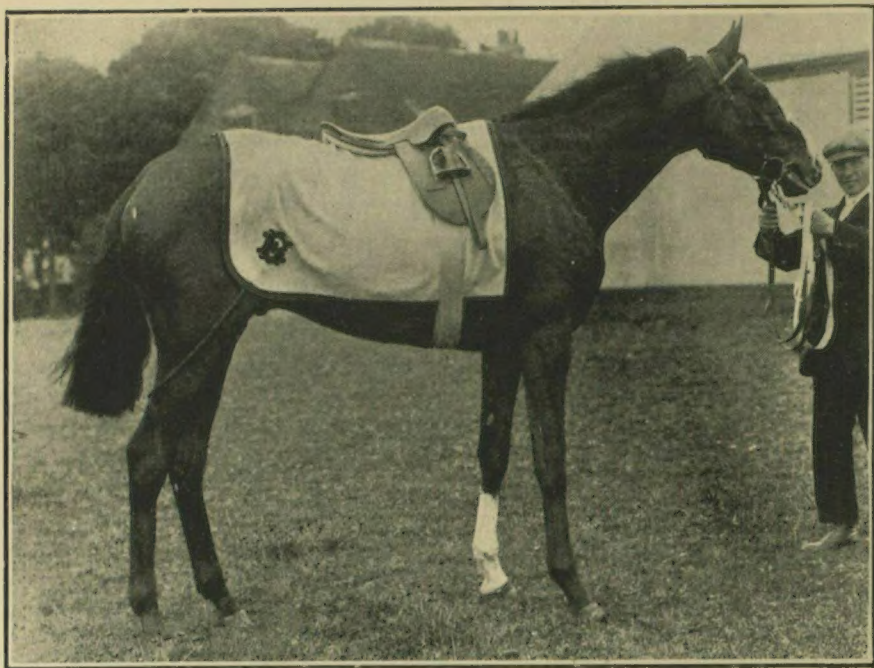
On June 2 the Queen of Spain, wearing the national mantilla, attended the bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros. The Queen gave the signal for all the events of the spectacle.



THE MOST HEARTLESS CRIMINAL OF THE CENTURY: THE DEAD ASSASSIN. MATEO MORAL.

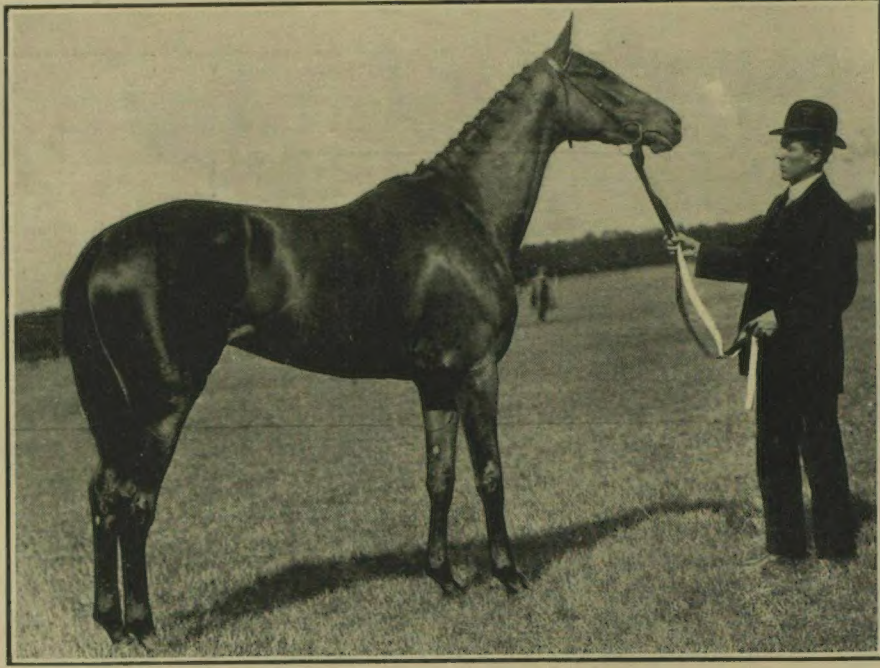
SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.

Mateo Moral, the author of the bomb outrage in Madrid, and also, it is said, of the attempt on King Alfonso in Paris, shot first his captor and then himself. His body, placed in ice, was exposed to view in a vault of the Military Hospital of Buen Suceso, Madrid. The cemetery authorities have refused his body burial.



THE DERBY WINNER OF 1906: SPEARMINT.

Major Eustace Loder's Spearmint, ridden by Maher, won easily. The runners-up were Picton and Troutbeck.



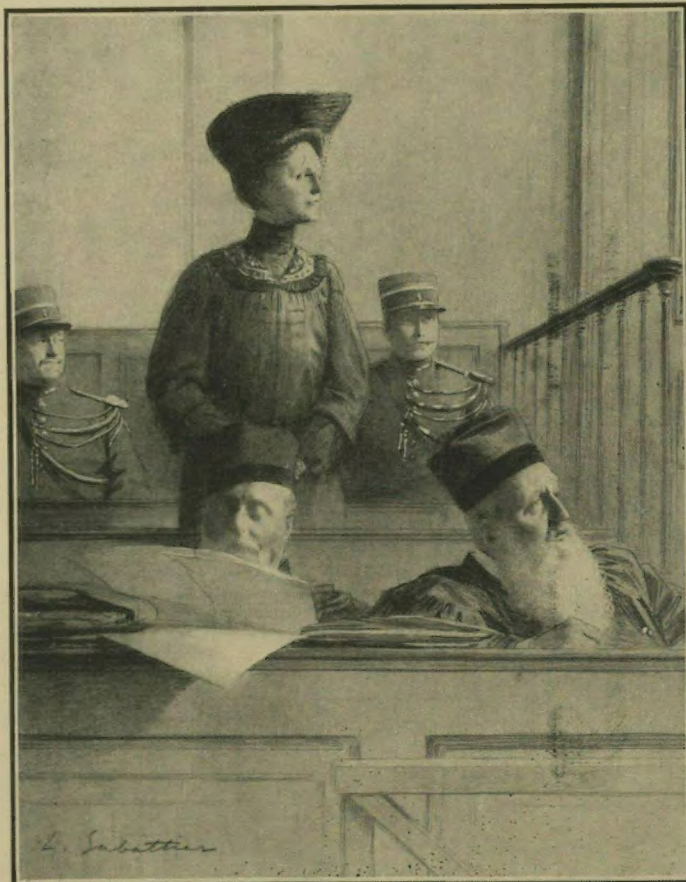
THE WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1906: KEYSTONE II.

Lord Derby's Keystone II. was also ridden by Maher. The runners-up were Gold Röch and Snow Glory.

including thirty-one general hospitals, sixty-three special hospitals, thirty-two convalescent homes. The promoters appeal for £100,000, and point out that, despite the generosity of the public, several great hospitals are face to face with financial disaster, owing to the fact that demands upon their accommodation increase more rapidly than their income. Mr. George Herring, whose unfailing generosity may be said to have leavened the mass of this city's suffering, has promised to add one-fourth of the amount collected in places of worship, and an equal amount to a supplementary collection in the city up to a total gift of £25,000. This generous action should serve to stimulate the charitable, for if Mr. Herring can but be called upon to fulfil the extreme limit of his offer, the sum for which Hospital Sunday pleads will be forthcoming.

Tinned "(?) Meat."

Ex America semper aliquid novi. In the past few days the civilised world has been shocked by revelations coming from the great centres of the tinned food industry. We have no wish to pollute these pages with description of the horrors that were first published to the world by a novelist, and then confirmed by commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt himself. It is sufficient to say that if one half of the charges made against the trade can be proved, no sane man or woman will touch anything that comes from America in a tin, and no decent citizen of the Old World or the New will associate with those responsible for the condition of things that shames our civilisation. The President has sent a message to Congress declaring that the conditions shown to exist in the stockyards and packing-houses of Chicago are revolting, and that it is imperative, in the interests of health and decency, that they should be radically changed. He thinks that it is impossible to secure satisfactory results under the existing law, and he recommends the passing of the Beveridge Amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, with a view to making possible the adequate inspection of meats to be used in Interstate commerce.



DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.]

Me. Peyrecave.

THE SENSATIONAL FRENCH POISONING CASE: THE TRIAL OF MADAME CANABY AT BORDEAUX.

Madame Canaby protested her innocence, and blamed her cook. She was eloquently defended by Maltre Peyrecave. The jury acquitted her of attempt to murder, but found her guilty of forging a prescription, and sentenced her to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of a hundred francs.

Russia's Progress.

The contest between the Government and the Duma continues, and the Agrarian question monopolises the attention of one and all. The constitutional democrats are seeking to steer clear between the Scylla of Socialism, and the Charybdis of Government inertia, and they admit the principle of expropriation, as far as local requirements demand it. The Government promises to lay a Bill for Agrarian reform before the Duma, but it is very unlikely that any measure emanating from circles controlled or advised by M. Goremykin will satisfy the constitutional democratic party. At the same time both Government and Duma realise that the Agrarian question is one upon which the peasant, who does not know anything about constitutional government, is quite prepared to revolt. As far as we can learn, the peasants are following the land-question with the keenest interest. Professor Hertzenstein, replying to the Ministerialist procrastinators in the Duma, declared that the country was on the eve of another conflagration which it was the Duma's duty to prevent.

The Opening of Manchuria.

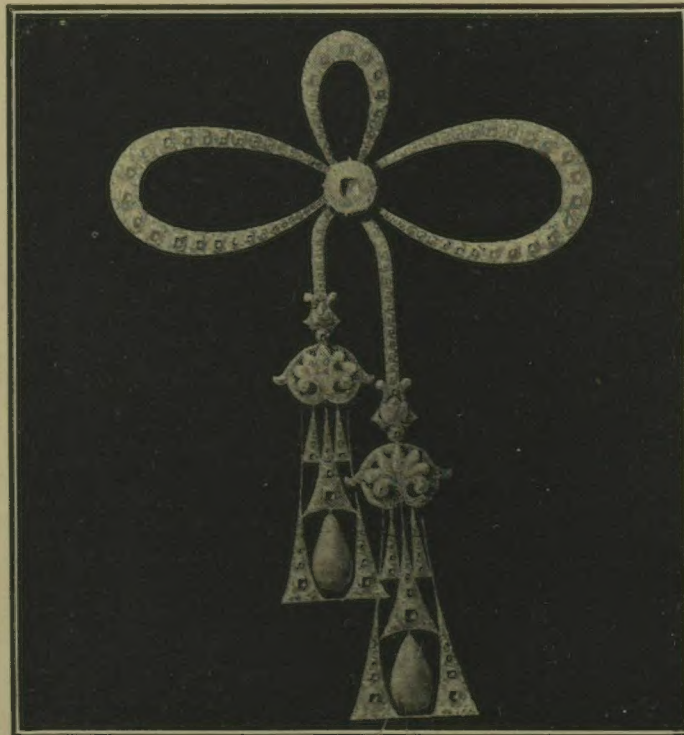
On June 1 Mukden was *en fête* to celebrate the formal opening of the city to international trade. A distinguished Chinese General and a Japanese Consul represented their respective Governments and exchanged cordial greetings. The port of Dalny is being prepared for the world's trade, and as soon as the harbour regulations are drafted it will be opened. It is matter for notice and congratulation that Dalny will be free to the world's commerce several months before the expiration of the period allowed for the complete evacuation of Manchuria by Russia and Japan. Although very little news now comes from the Far East, it is clear that developments proceed apace in Manchuria, and that Japan is determined to take the fullest advantage of the new conditions that prevail.



Photo. Grigor.

A TRAINING-SHIP IN COLLISION: THE DAMAGED "PORT JACKSON."

On May 31 the "Port Jackson," carrying a hundred "Wasp" boys on a training cruise to Australia, collided with a liner in the Channel, and was severely damaged. The boys mustered on the deck, and were all safely brought ashore.

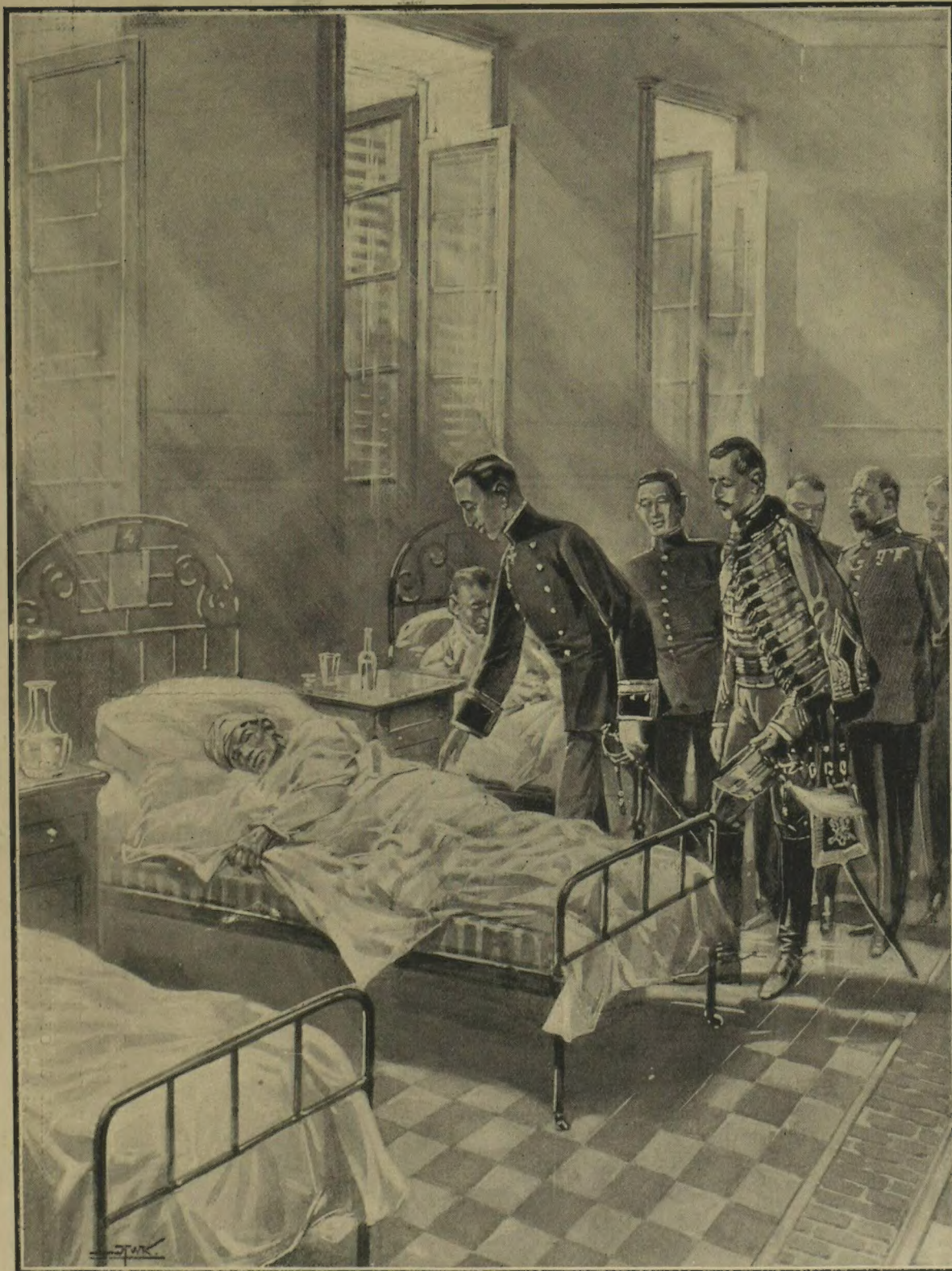


THE ANGLO-SPANISH COLONY'S GIFT TO PRINCESS ENA.

The diamond pendant, the work of Laclache Brothers, Madrid, was presented to the new Queen of Spain by the English residents of Madrid, Barcelona, Cadiz, Malaga, Coruana, and the Canary Islands.

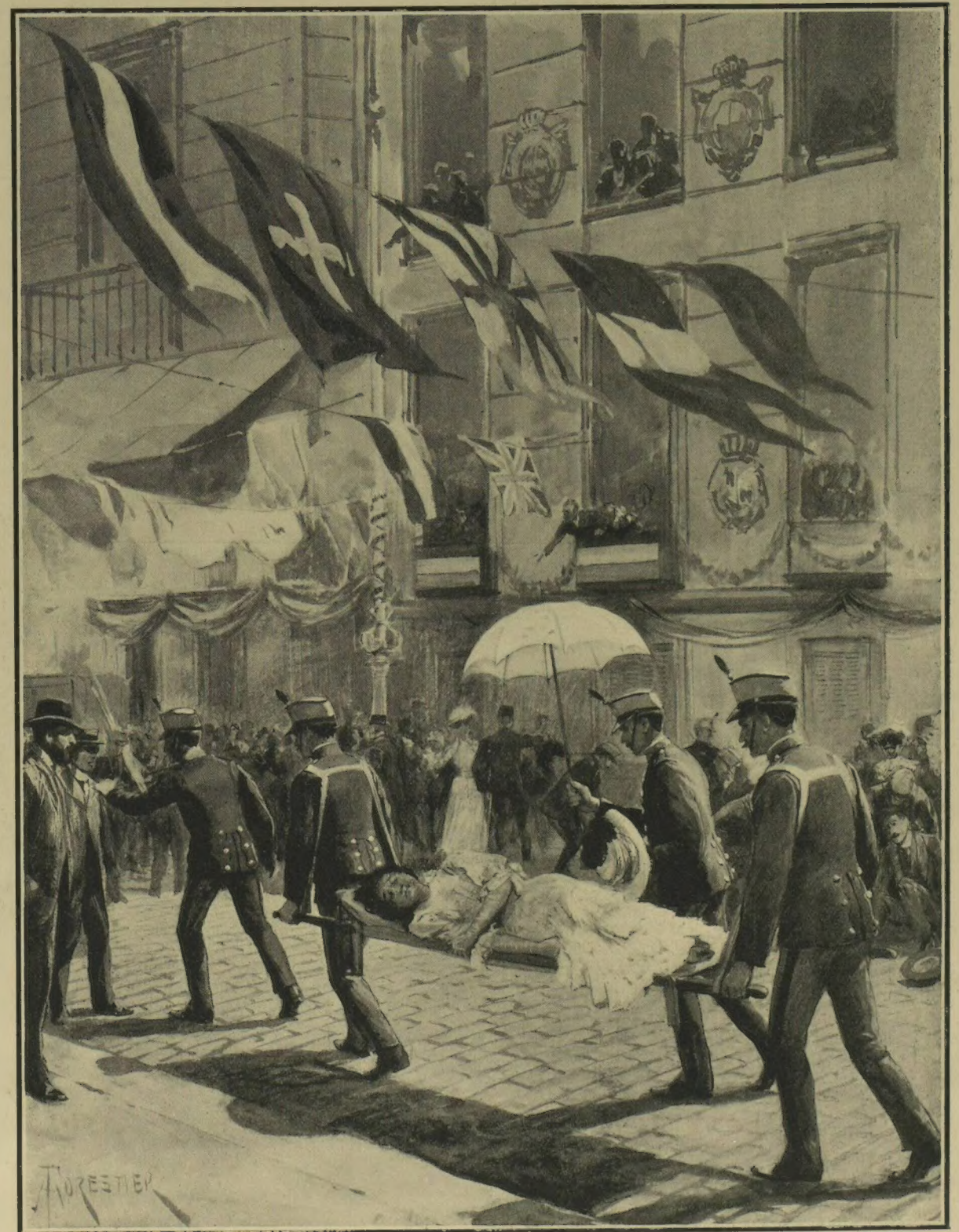
KING ALFONSO'S SYMPATHY WITH THE VICTIMS OF THE BOMB OUTRAGE.

DRAWINGS BY H. W. KOEKKOEK AND A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.



KING ALFONSO'S VISIT TO THE WOUNDED IN HOSPITAL.

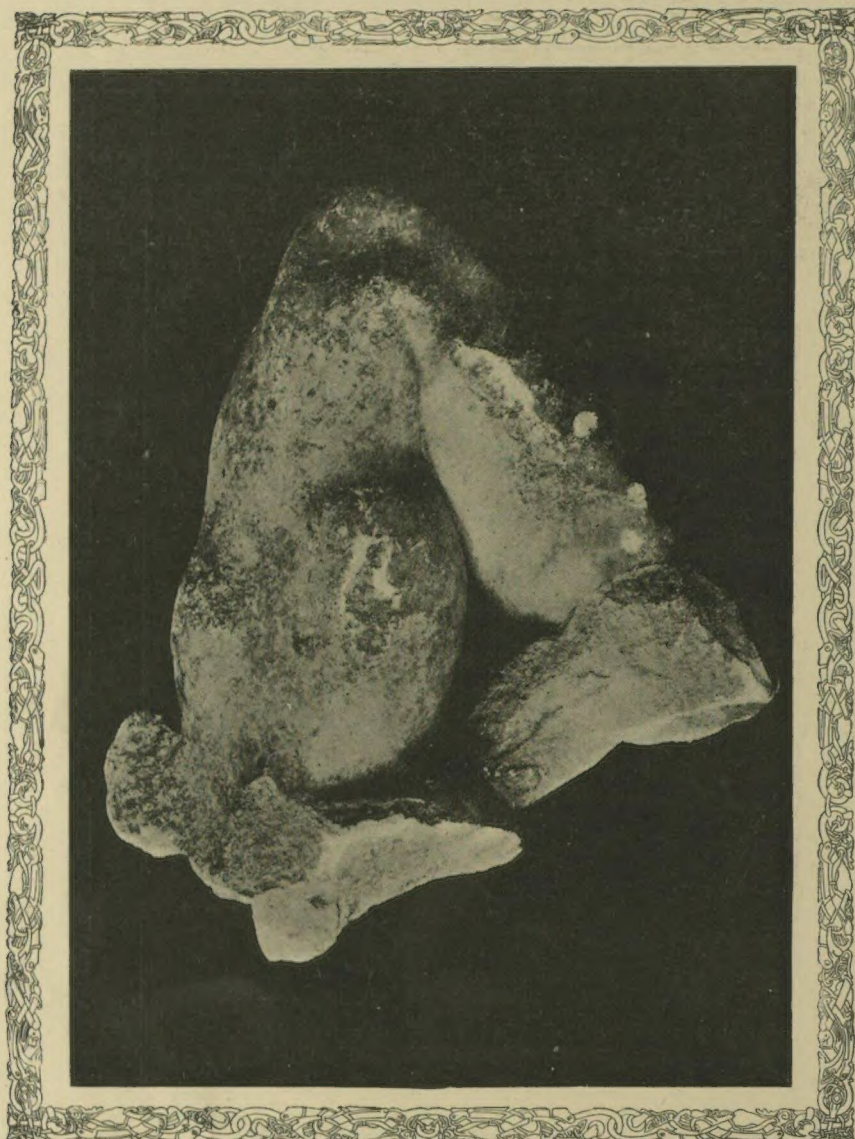
The day after the outrage King Alfonso, accompanied by Prince Carlos of Bourbon, visited the Buena Vista and other hospitals, where the wounded were lying. His Majesty remained for some time beside the sufferers, asking anxiously for their welfare and expressing his deep anxiety for their recovery. The pathetic street scene on this page was observed by our Artist shortly after the outrage.



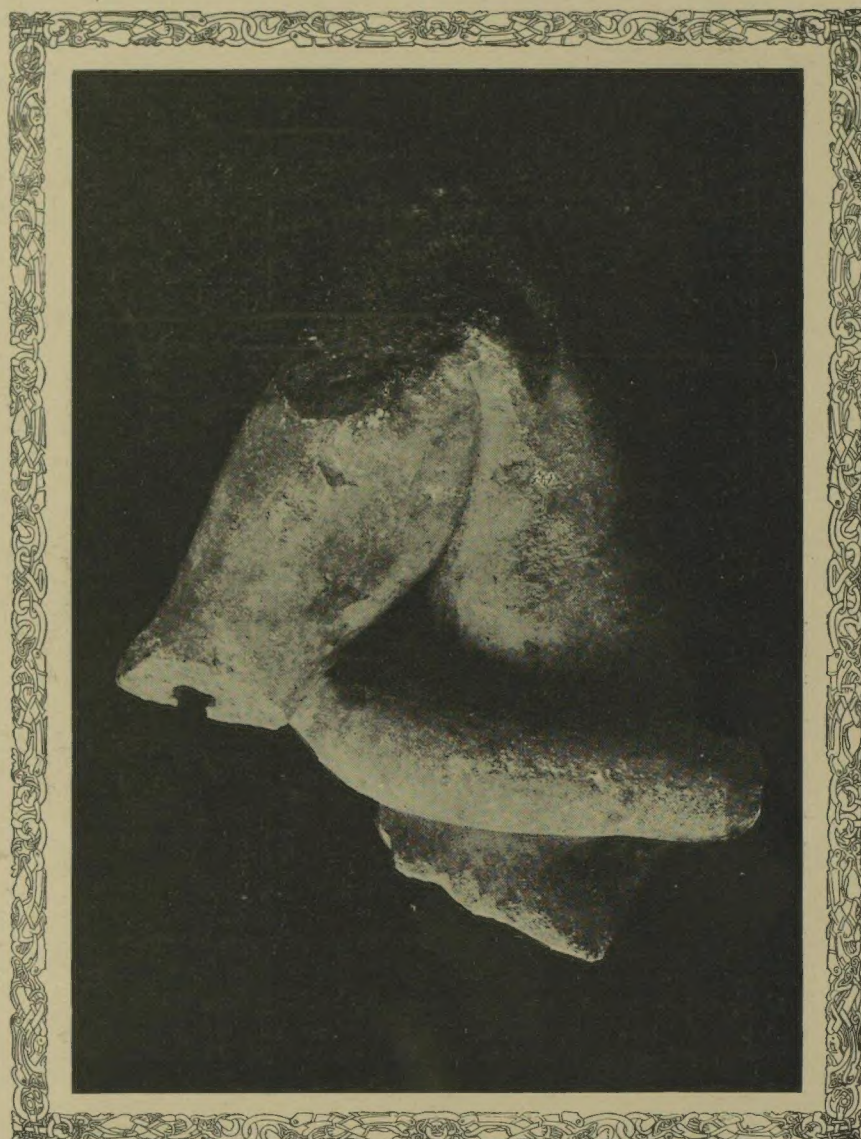
A FAIR VICTIM: A PATHETIC INCIDENT AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

THE PROBLEM OF THE LAOCOON SOLVED: THE LOST ARM DISCOVERED.

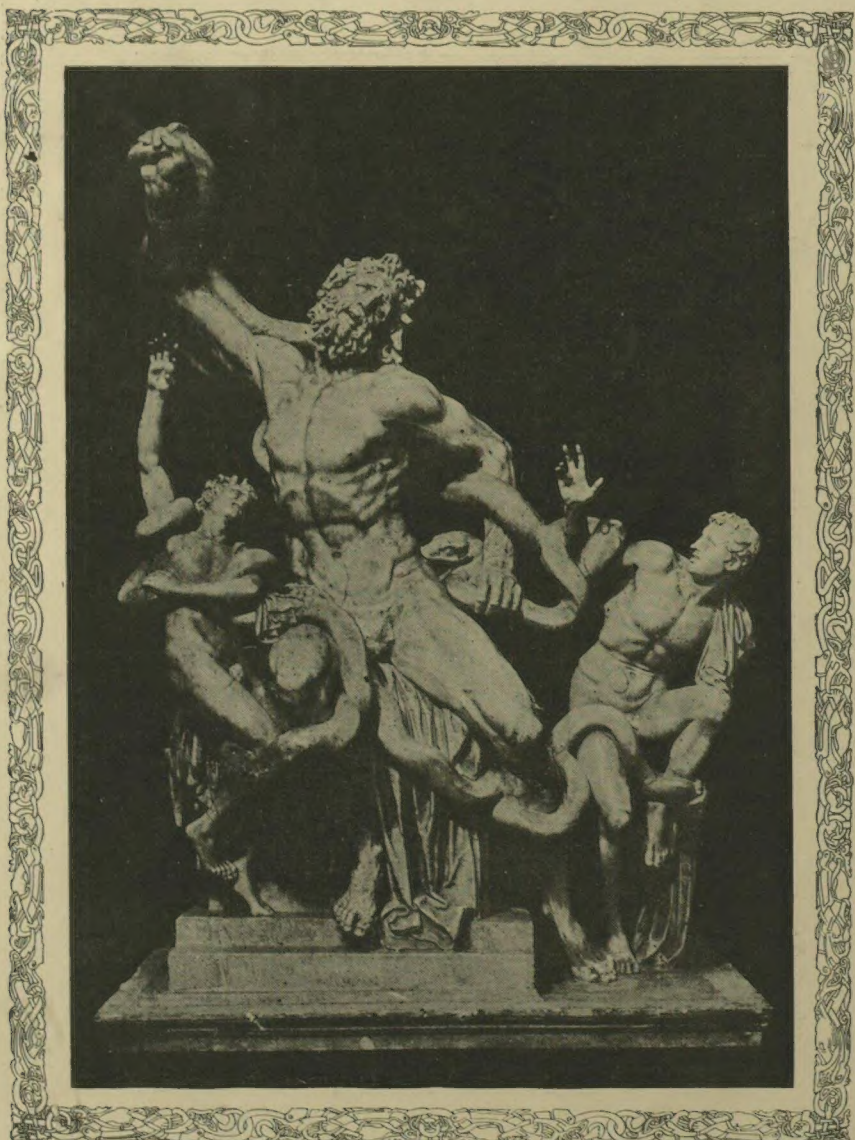
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.



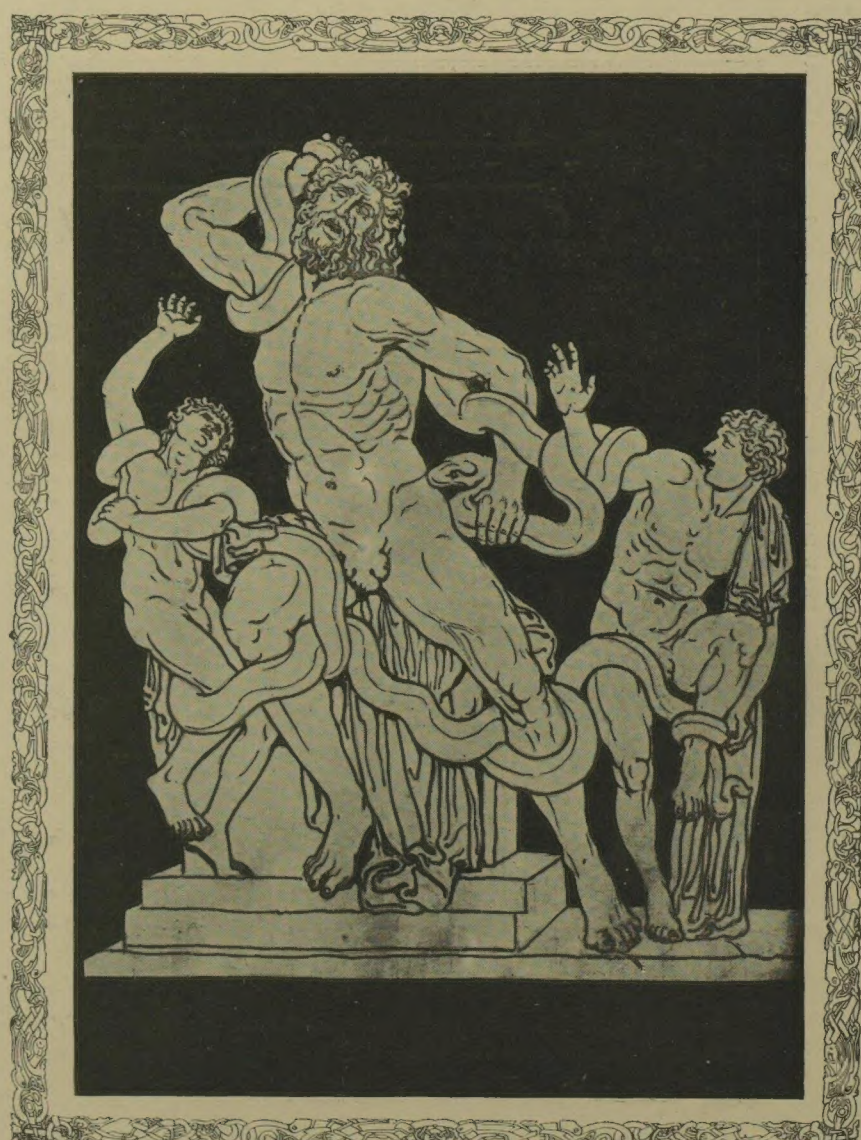
THE NEWLY DISCOVERED RIGHT ARM OF THE LAOCOON:
FRONT VIEW.



THE NEWLY DISCOVERED RIGHT ARM OF THE LAOCOON:
BACK VIEW



THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE LAOCOON WITH THE
CONJECTURALLY RESTORED RIGHT ARM.



THE GROUP AS IT WILL NOW BE RESTORED ACCORDING
TO THE ARM JUST DISCOVERED.

The famous group, the Laocöon, which was discovered near the Baths of Titus in 1506, is almost certainly the statue referred to by Pliny as the work of Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, three sculptors of the Rhodian school who flourished in the time of Vespasian. The group is now in the Vatican Museum, with the right arm conjecturally restored. This addition has long been challenged by critics. The controversy seems now to have been settled by the discovery of an arm, evidently belonging to a copy of the work, although not actually to the original. The Vatican authorities regard the position of the fragmentary arm as authentic, and they will restore the group in accordance with the new discovery, which was made by Dr. Pollak in the studio of a humble sculptor who had bought the fragment among other odds and ends of marble.

THE BRIDE'S STATE ENTRY INTO THE CHURCH.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.



Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Princess Ena.

Spanish Queen-Mother.

UNDER THE BRIDAL CANOPY: PRINCESS ENA APPROACHING THE ALTAR IN SAN GERONIMO.

To the strains of the British National Anthem the bride, attended by her mother and Queen Maria Christina, passed up the aisle under a rich canopy. The Queen-Mother held Princess Ena's hand tightly clasped in her own. Just behind the bride was her own mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg.

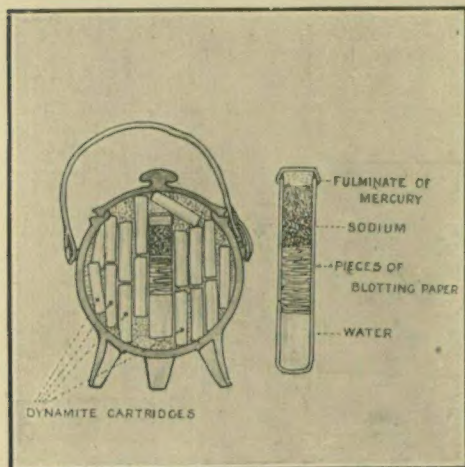
THE INFERNAL MACHINE DISCUSSED BY GREAT EXPERTS:

INTERVIEWS WITH MM. BERTHELOT, GIRARD, AND VIELLE.

THE house of the famous chemist Berthelot is always open to the visitor eager for knowledge. It is difficult to evade a feeling of profound emotion in presence of the master who has revolutionised modern science, and from whom the world may well expect some discovery at once useful and overwhelming, which will

"This, which has the air of a paradox, is no paradox at all. Thanks to gunpowder, the civilised races have kept their supremacy over the barbarians, and the periodical and fateful returns to barbarism that were once the natural consequence of invasions have ceased to occur. Since it is to gunpowder that the European

it the hardness of silver. In the course of his experiment he mixed this body with sulphur and saltpetre. He set the mixture to boil in a crucible. Suddenly there was a frightful explosion, and the crucible and its contents flew to bits. Gunpowder had been discovered. Schwartz, recovering from his terror, methodi-



"BOMBE A RENVERSEMENT" WITH ITS DETONATOR.

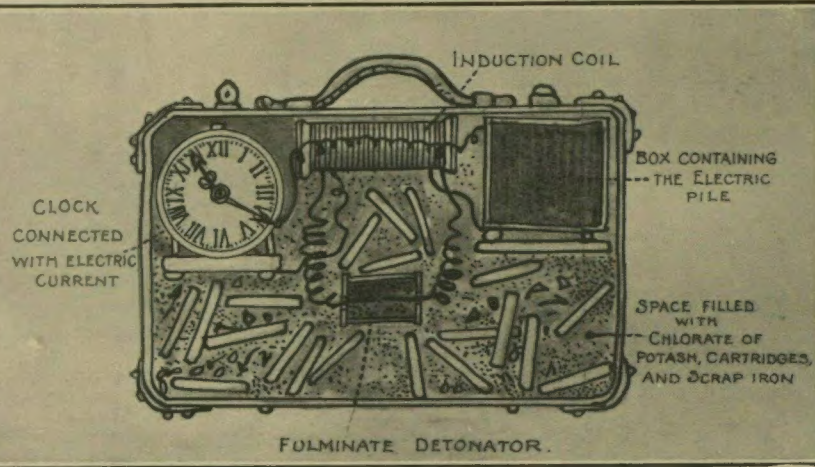
The water soaks through the blotting paper, ignites the sodium, which fires the fulminate detonator, and so explodes the dynamite cartridges.

change the face of the future; but behind the man of science there is a man, and such a man! Affable, smiling, ready to explain things without using the abstract terms of certain investigators, he sets forth with supreme simplicity the solution of the hardest problems.



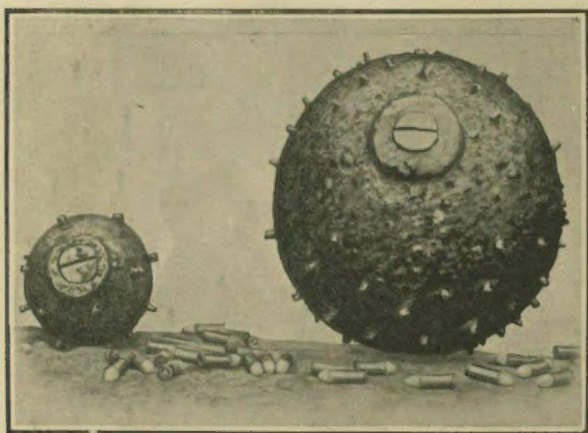
A CHEMICAL BOMB.

In the chemical bomb a tube containing sulphuric acid ignites the charge and scatters scrap iron. The infernal machine contains a clock which at a certain hour closes the circuit of an electric induction-coil, and so ignites the charge. This particular infernal machine has all the appearance outwardly of an innocent portmanteau, and would excite no suspicion in the hand of the miscreant intending to deposit it.



A CLOCKWORK INFERNAL MACHINE.

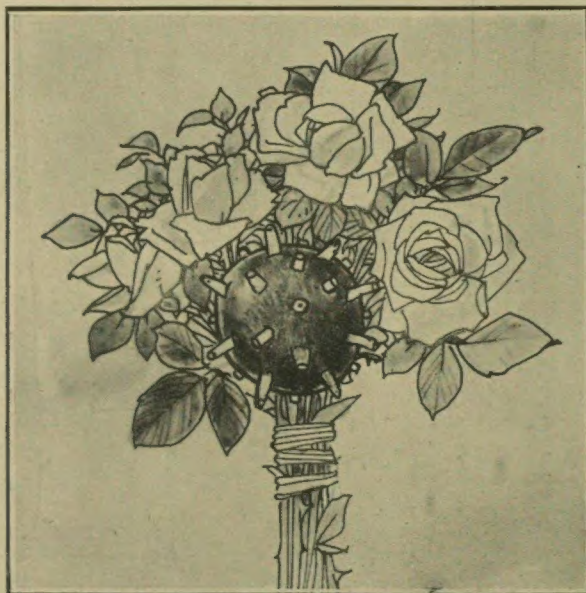
cally recommended his infernal cookery, and gunpowder made its appearance in the world. From that time gunpowder was the only explosive known, until the day when a little inoffensive formula, CC 4² Azo Azo 53—nitro-glycerine—put in the hands of Revolutionists a



FAMOUS BOMBS USED DURING THE EXPLOSION AT THE ORIENT CLUB AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

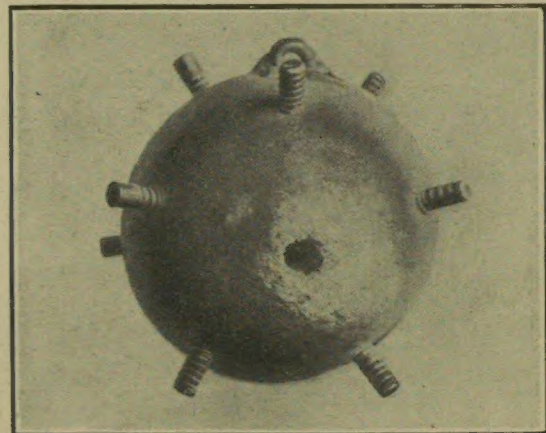
All the while he walks about, his hands behind his back, his tone that of friendly conversation, his intense and brilliant eyes fixed on those of his visitor to see if he has understood.

"The monk Schwartz," said M. Berthelot, "who, according to the story, discovered gunpowder, has



SIMILAR TO THE DEVICE USED AT MADRID: A BOMB CONCEALED IN A BOUQUET.

suaging our inquiry into explosions, it is useful to recall the legend—if legend it be—from the old German chronicles of how the Franciscan monk made his



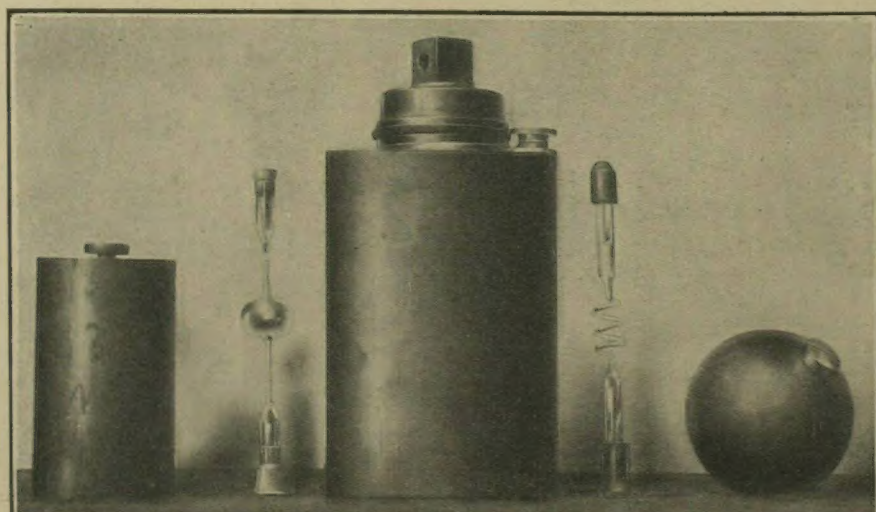
ORSINI'S BOMB WITH ITS DETONATING STUDS.

prompt and sure means of action." When we had brutally put to M. Berthelot the question which was the reason of our visit, he at once made it clear that he had traversed the most interesting side of the question—the philosophic.

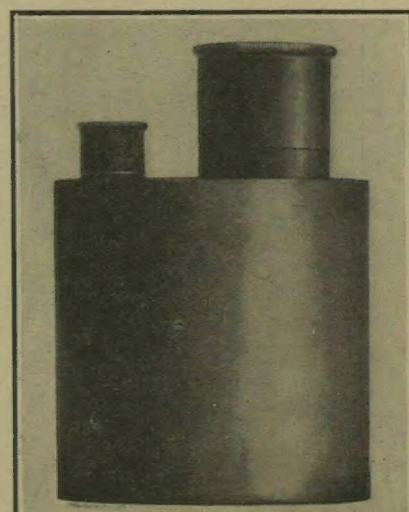
"The Revolutionaries," he said, "are under a



BOMB FOUND UNDER M. LOUBET'S WINDOW AT MONTÉLIMAR.



AN ELABORATE RUSSIAN BOMB FIRED BY THE ACTION OF WATER ON SODIUM.



AN ANARCHIST BOMB FIRED BY CHEMICAL ACTION.

some right to the recognition of humanity; for he has given men the means of killing each other in a proper and scientific way.

discovery. One day this alchemist, coming from a visit to Dr. Faust, whom he left bending over one of his retorts, tried to solidify mercury, and to give

dangerous illusion: they imagine that by the use of explosives they will alter the organisation of Society. I admit that while they devote themselves to their

THE TERROR OF KINGS AT WORK: QUASI-SCIENTIFIC ANARCHY.

DRAWN BY JACQUES CAMOREYT.



THE ANARCHIST IN HIS LABORATORY: A STUDY OF THE TYPE.

The Anarchist's tools are of the most rudimentary kind. He has to take what comes most readily to his hand, for he dare not excite suspicion by purchasing an expensive installation. For the most part the bombs that have come into the authorities' hands have been ridiculously crude; but that flung at the King and Queen of Spain seems to have been more elaborate, for the case was of polished steel.



THE BOMB WITH ITS NUTS AND SCREWS.



SECTION SHOWING THE DETONATOR.

INFERNAL MACHINE USED LAST YEAR AGAINST KING ALFONSO:
THE SO-CALLED "PINEAPPLE BOMB."

project with a vigorous method, they may achieve some isolated personal vengeance; but the dangers of manipulation make any general movement difficult, if not impossible.

"War by bomb demands expensive machines, that take time and pains to construct. Imagine, then, how well-informed and well-equipped must be the organisation that is to serve the revolutionary forces. There must be chemists, physicians, and men of indomitable courage in the battalions which the revolt would hurl to the assault of the modern Bastilles. Only a Society admirably constituted and under strong government could arm itself against this. The *a priori* argument that a Society still capable of defending itself may be held in check by the bomb is afforded by the state of things in Russia, where the infernal machine rarely misses its mark. In this case, for anyone who knows the Russian mind, the problem changes in 'things given,' to employ mathematical terms. The enunciation, so to speak, is enriched by a new factor—the carelessness of death. The assassins of Alexander II. and of the Grand Duke Sergius did not miss their stroke. The Russian Nihilist, when he has flung his bomb, rarely seeks to flee. His only thought is how to strike truly and well. With the French, on the contrary, the Anarchist prepares his way of escape beforehand. For example, Ravachol, for his attempt in the Rue de Clichy, used a fuse ninety centimètres long, so that he might have time to gain the door. By the time the explosion took place the Anarchist was more than fifty yards off along the street. Meunier was absent when the portmanteau bomb which he had left in the Restaurant Véry exploded. Vaillant, during his examination, contrary to every probability, would not admit that he had tried to escape from the Palais Bourbon after he had flung the bomb into the Chamber of Deputies. 'You were so anxious to escape,' said the President, 'that you smashed a panel of the door. The sentinel had to threaten you with his bayonet to turn you back.' Emile Henry, after he had thrown his bomb at the Café Terminus, tried immediately to enter the Gare Saint Lazare and to go up to the Salle de Pas Perdue on some vague business.

"To strike and then to escape public vengeance, such is, I take it, the plan of the French Anarchist, and my opinion accords with the examination of Anarchist crimes which have succeeded in France, from the explosions on the Boulevard St. Germain and the Lobau Barracks until the attempt in the Rue de Rohan. Ravachol, Henry, and Vaillant were dominated by one concern. It was the idea of flight which made their hands tremble and their sight dim. It is always this idea which has permitted M. Loubet and the King of Spain to pass through a rain of flying fragments without receiving a scratch. These Anarchists, self-styled men of justice, lack spirit for their job: they are too nervous. Want of spirit is not all. They lack technical knowledge also. With the quantity of explosive material that they employ they could obtain very considerable results; but," added the great chemist with a smile, "it will not do to talk of that in a newspaper. That reminds me," continued M. Berthelot, "of an amusing conversation that I had, just after the Vaillant outrage, with a Minister who is to-day an Ambassador." (One imagines that he was referring to M. Constans.) "In reality," said his Excellency, 'people exaggerate the power of the bomb. It is always an evil engine that one should mistrust, but it causes more noise than harm.' 'That comes,' I replied, 'from the inexperience of the Anarchists. Give me the same quantity of

as peacefully as the chemist, for he is continually on the *qui vive*, and he can't conduct an outrage as one

material adroitly disposed, and you will see an entirely different result.' 'Take care that you do not give away your secret,' cried the Minister greatly disturbed. 'Reassure yourself. Theoretical knowledge is for the most part too poorly understood by the propagandists for their task. Their finest achievement would have been twice as fine had they been able to follow the lead of scientific experience.' I might add that the Anarchist cannot work

for a moment," concluded M. Berthelot, "into the place of an Anarchist resolved to provide himself with a redoubtable machine. We shall not give the exact composition, for the law visits with a just severity all revelations of the sort. It is interesting to know that, in the *bombe à renversement*, the explosion is produced by the contact of sodium with water, and in the grenade it is produced by sulphuric acid acting upon a definite quantity of fulminate of mercury. Orsini's bomb, which has often been imitated, was stuck full of explosive knobs containing the caps. There are also electric bombs exploded by closing a circuit which produces a spark from an induction-coil; and everyone realises how unlucky is the fuse-bomb, more perilous to the user than to his intended victim."

On leaving M. Berthelot our representative went to consult M. Girard, director of the Municipal Laboratory at Paris. From him he obtained two historic recipes for gunpowder. One, given by Boillot in 1598 and by Brie in 1619, was as follows: saltpetre, 75 parts; sulphur, 12.5; charcoal, 12.5; the whole making 100. In 1800 the proportion was the following: saltpetre, 76; sulphur, 10; charcoal, 14. In 1808 there was a return to the original recipe. In 1846 Sobero of Turin discovered nitro-glycerine, which explodes violently on percussion, but burns quietly in free air. Melinite, investigated by Turpin, was chiefly employed for military purposes. It was originally made from a mixture of picric acid and nitrocellulose. It is to-day simply made of picric acid, of which the explosion is obtained by a secret deposit. Fulminate of mercury, which caused such terrible damage in the Rue de Rohan, was first used for crime by Orsini when he made his attempt on Napoleon III. On that occasion nine people were killed and 156 wounded. This terrible explosive, discovered in 1800 by Howard, is used solely for detonators—that is, the small charge which explodes a large quantity of nitro-glycerine. Books and letters treated with this substance have on certain occasions been sent to people of importance who were fortunate enough to suspect these gifts and send them without opening them to M. Girard. M. de Rothschild's secretary, less wary or less well-informed, once opened a suspected letter addressed to the famous banker, and was grievously wounded in consequence.

"Some time ago," pursued M. Girard, "we had to get rid of a great quantity of dynamite, which we exploded at the Polygon of Vincennes. Having taken all the usual precautions, we fired the charge, and, despite the distance, many windows of the military buildings were shattered. The military authorities were disturbed; but it was only an incident, quickly forgotten, and so little a matter of concern that a trumpeter, at the moment of the explosion, marked the event with the well-known air, 'There goes another window smash.'

"If you add to all the engines of destruction that I have mentioned M. Vielle's smokeless powder, you have a complete conspectus of all the explosive forces at the command of war, industry, and sometimes, alas! of the Anarchist."

Our representative called also on M. Vielle, who in 1886 invented smokeless powder. His opinion is practically the same as that of M. Berthelot, that the Anarchist's hope in the bomb was a mere chimera. The man who uses it can neither hide himself nor flee, and the proof of its futility was the action of Caserio Santo, the murderer of M. Carnot, who returned to the weapon of primitive ages, the knife.

RAVACHOL'S WORK: HOUSE IN THE RUE DE CLICHY
GUTTED BY HIS BOMB.

would an experiment in the laboratory. Ravachol failed through flurry. When he planned the outrage in the Rue de Clichy he went out with a portmanteau containing dynamite, sebastine, fulminate, and fuses. He took the omnibus, and when he arrived at the Rue de Clichy he found that during his journey his cartridges had become displaced. He tried to rearrange his infernal machine, and actually took out the powder. If a single spark had leaped out while he was lighting the match he and his valise would have gone up together. His hurry was tremendous: he set the machine clumsily and achieved nothing more than the wounding of five persons and the damaging of a few walls. Emile Henry declared during his examination that he threw his bomb too high. It struck the chandelier and fell where there were very few people. The Revolutionaries, I repeat, deceive themselves when they imagine that dynamite, fulminate of mercury, or any other explosive can furnish them with arms against Society. The examples I have mentioned and their errors of construction are sufficient proof. Let us now put ourselves

AN OFFICIAL COLLECTOR OF BOMBS: THE MOTOR OF THE PARIS
MUNICIPAL LABORATORY USED FOR COLLECTING AND TAKING
TO HEADQUARTERS DANGEROUS AND SUSPECTED ENGINES FOUND
IN THE PUBLIC THOROUGHFARES.

THE FIRST ACT OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S MARRIED LIFE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.



THE PRAYER FROM THE THRONE AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

After the blessing by the Bishop of Toledo, which concluded the wedding service proper, King Alfonso led his wife to the throne and placed her beside him. The King and Queen then knelt, surrounded by the officiating prelates, and prayer was offered invoking blessing on the marriage. This was the concluding act of the great ceremonial in the Church of San Geronimo.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THIS is the week in the year when the May fly is due, if a creature so various and unaccountable in its habits can ever be said to be due. In some seasons the fly appears, so to speak, but sporadically; three or four flutter forth, and flutter the angler's eye, twice or thrice in the day. But they do not settle on the water, or, if they do, the trout regards them with suspicion, and gives them a wide berth.

The modern trout, much fished for, is a suspicious creature. "All is not fly that floats," is his motto. There is a well-known chestnut to the effect that a naturalist, watching a big trout on a Sunday, saw a small, innocent, natural dun floating down to him. The trout saw it also, and fled into the weeds: he suspected that fly of being barbed.

The modern trout has learned that when only one fly at a time is visible to him, there is every chance that that fly wears a barb. But when swarms of flies sail safely down the water, then he knows that they must be natural, and he goes for them fearlessly; not poking up his head slowly, to examine and investigate, but he goes for them with a rush and an audible gobble. He loses his head, and forgets that, every now and then, one fly in the crowd is artificial and has a sting. Oh that I may find trout in this state of mind, when there is a "boom" in flies, and the fishy public takes as eagerly as mankind during the "boom" of the South Sea Bubble, or of gold mines before the enterprise of Dr. Jameson! In his case the flies had barbs.

The May fly is a creature of prolonged embryonic condition. The egg lies in the bottom of the water, and turns into a kind of chrysalis like a dirty piece of twig, the process occupying about two whole years, as I understand. Then the thing comes to the surface, spreads its pretty wings, and now flies about, a prey, like the dead heroes in Homer, "to all manner of birds"—now floats on the stream, a prey to trout. At first the trout do not look at it; it is much bigger than the flies to which they have for long been accustomed. At last, a reckless young trout makes a snap at a fly, like it, swallows another, like it, and goes on, like the boy with the black wooden beads of his sister's necklace, in the anecdote told by the medical friend of Mr. Robert Sawyer to the horrified Mr. Pickwick. Then the other trout follow suit. They are all at it, all over the river, like aldermen at a City dinner. They rush about pursuing the rising larvæ under water, making waves like "sea-shouldering whales," and it is not easy to catch them when they are at that work. It is pretty easy when they are taking the mature floating fly, for the art of man has invented, and the enterprise of man freely advertises, many ingenious feathery imitations of the May fly, which, dabbled with paraffin oil, keep their wings and hackles dry, and float in such a manner as to deceive even the human observer. Much more is the trout deceived, when once he has yielded to the spirit of the "boom," and swallows almost any securities thrown on the market. Now is the time to get the big ones, up to eight pounds, which do not take fly at all except on these occasions of excitement. Not that I ever captured such monsters myself; still, they do occasionally come to hand and to the landing-net. On the whole, however, if a man has only one or two days with the May fly in the year, his is a cruel disappointment. The fly does not come in battalions, but in twos or threes, and does not settle on the water. On other days, nobody knows why, the trout rises in an apparently orthodox way at your hook, your fly vanishes, you raise the top of your rod, but there is no resistance: the fish has blown your fly out of his mouth; he is unpricked. On such a day, on the Kennet, I have seen the trout rising at the natural fly, and regularly missing it: the insect, more than usual calm, floats on serenely, unconscious of, or indifferent to the danger. The trout are like bad fieldsmen, and miss their catches.

It is a curious fact that the May fly often deserts a stream where not long ago it was common; for example, the upper reaches of the Test. Nobody can explain this circumstance, or account for the distribution of the May fly. I have met it just on the south side of the Border, but never, with a chance exception or two, on the northern side of the Tweed. The earlier flies, like the March brown, have been rare this year, whether by reason of the weather or not, nobody can tell.

I hope the May fly may be in a more coming-on humour, and that anglers will fill their "Bernard Shaw Combined Fishing Basket and Bag," which is an advertised novelty. Is Mr. Shaw an angler? If not, why "Bernard Shaw Basket and Bag"? We might as well expect the "Hall Caine Basket and Bag," which reminds me of an unjust aspersion on myself. In Miss Sichel's "Life of Alfred Ainger" is a letter in which the good Canon accuses me of contributing "an exquisitely droll parody of Hall Caine to *Punch* in 1897." I may "swear and save my oath" that I never attempted to make a parody of the eminent novelist: I know not how to set about it.

I have been shown a curious document bearing on the origin of writing. The natives of Calabar, or some of them, record their fairy tales and other matters of interest by cutting neat marks on wood. Some of the marks stand for a whole word, others are highly conventionalised pictures, so much cut down, as far as representation of the object goes, that no white man, uninstructed, could tell what they denote. The document shown to me represented an action in the native Court of Probate and Divorce, or of divorce, at any rate. The co-respondents were represented by crosses, because their arms, when in the dock, are stretched out on a board in a crucified kind of way. A long curved line, with short lines at right angles, represented the judges. Another group of lines stood for spectators of another tribe, another mark did duty for their interpreter. Other combinations told the story, which was sad, and not easy to repeat. Two curved lines, meeting at top, represented the first kiss of the guilty pair.

CHESS.

H M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—Thanks for your interesting letter, the suggestions of which we may turn to use on a future occasion. One, however, does not like to remember too far into the past, the reflections are not always agreeable.

W J WOOD (Wandsworth).—Thanks for problem. You may look for a report shortly.

H T BLAND (Derby).—We are most sorry to hear of the death of our esteemed old friend.

R J LONSDALE (New Brighton).—The proper way of expressing the mate in question is P mates by discovery.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3231 received from K J Tarachance (Bombay); of No. 3233 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Mutagacha, India); of No. 3236 from A G Bagot (Dublin) and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3237 from Charles C Worrack (Florence, Sconic, The Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3238 from Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Hereward, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), Sconic, G Collins (Burgess Hill), Laura Greaves (Shelton), T Roberts, R Percy Stephenson (Dulwich Park), Sorrento, The Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), Shadforth, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A G Bagot (Dublin), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), E C Perugini, P Daly (Brighton), E J Winter-Wood, George Trice (Deal), S J England (South Woodford), R Worters (Canterbury), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), and G Bakker (Rotterdam).

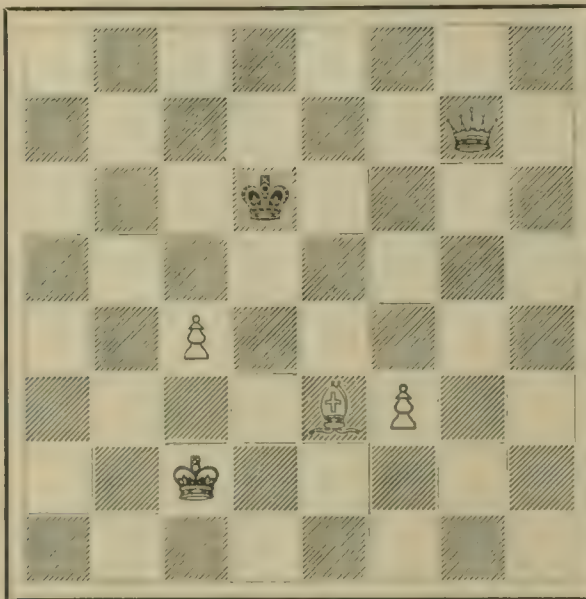
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3239 received from H S Brandreth (Weybridge), George Trice (Deal), C E Perugini, Edith Corser (Reigate), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), G Collins (Burgess Hill), Rev. P Lewis (Ramsgate), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A F Phillips (Liverpool), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Roberts, Laura Greaves (Shelton), E J Winter-Wood, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), F Henderson (Leeds), S J England (South Woodford), Sconic, G Harvey (Manchester), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Shadforth, and R Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3238.—By HENRY WHITTEN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K sq. Any move
2. Q, R, or Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3241.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN JOHANNESBURG.

Game played in the match between Mr. B. SIEGHEIM and Dr. BLIDEN.
(Froms Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Dr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th	15. Q to R 4th (ch)	B to Q 2nd
2. P takes P	P to Q 3rd	16. Q to Kt 3rd	
3. P takes P			
An unusual opening, which leaves White exposed to a severe attack.			
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B takes P	17. Kt to Q 4th	Q takes R
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K R 3rd	18. B to K 2nd	Castles Q R
6. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th	19. Kt to B 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd
7. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		B to K 3rd
8. Q to R 4th	P to K R 4th		
9. Kt takes P	P to R 5th		
10. Q to K 4th (ch)	Kt takes P		
11. B to B 4th	Kt to K 2nd		
12. B takes B	Kt to Kt 5th		
13. R to Kt sq	Q takes B		
14. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q Kt 3rd		
	Q takes P		

Black mates in two moves. The pretty mate with the Knights that follows is not often seen in actual play.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. SCHWEITZER and LIBAIRE.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	19. B to R 3rd	Kt to R 4th
2. P to K 4th		20. Castles	Kt to B 5th
The defence is one of the earliest efforts to escape the toils of the Queen's Pawn Game, and this continuation was introduced by Mr. Staunton.			
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	21. R to B 2nd	Kt to R 6th (ch)
4. B to K Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd		
5. P to B 3rd			
B takes Kt is not favourable for White.			
6. B takes P	P to K 6th	22. K to B sq	Kt takes R
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	23. K takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)
8. P to B 4th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	24. B to Kt 2nd	Q takes Q P
	Q to Kt 3rd	25. K to Q 3rd	Q to K B 5th
A characteristic move in the defence. It here enables P to K 4th to follow with impunity.			
9. R to Kt sq	P to K 4th	26. R to K B sq	R to K 4th (ch)
10. B takes P	Kt takes P	27. Kt to K 2nd	Q to B 3rd
11. B to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt (ch)	28. K to R sq	P to B 4th
12. Q takes Kt	B to Q 3rd	29. P to Kt 3rd	R to K 4th
13. B to K B 4th	Castles	30. B to B sq	P to K Kt 3rd
A highly critical position now arises, the combination on both sides being very clever. White's analysis, however, goes deeper, and he sacrifices his Queen without hesitation.			
14. B takes B	B to Kt 5th	31. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Q 5th
15. B takes R	R to K sq (ch)	32. B to Kt 2nd	Q to B 3rd
16. B to K 2nd	B takes Q	33. Kt to K 4th	K to B sq
17. B to B 5th		34. P to B 3rd	P takes P
The saving clause for White, who thus secures three pieces for his Queen.			
18. P takes B	Q to Q sq	35. P takes P	
	P to Q Kt 3rd	36. R to Q B sq	
If B takes P, R to Q 4th wins a piece. Black's thirty-fourth move was made with this purpose in view.			
19. B to R 3rd (ch)	Q to Q 2nd		
20. K to Kt 2nd	R to B 2nd		
21. B to Q 6th	R to Q R 4th		
22. K to Kt 3rd	R takes P (ch)		
23. P to B 4th	Q to K 4th		
24. R to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd		
25. Kt to B 2nd	R to R 3rd		
The ending shows that what the players are capable of in the endgame is not to be despised.			

The City Central Chess Club (winners of the "C" Division, London League) has arranged to amalgamate with the Westminster Chess Club, under the title, "City of Westminster Chess Club." The new club is already assured of a large membership, and the committee hope to run teams for both the "A" and "B" Divisions. The hon. secretary pro tem. is Mr. I. Vincent, 31, Victoria Street, to whom chess-players desiring to join are cordially invited to write.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Fred Thompson, of Derby, one of the oldest contributors to this column, whose jubilee problem we published two or three years ago. At the same time, mention may be made of the death of another contributor in the person of Mr. A. E. Studd, related to the famous cricketing family—and of that of Mr. Max Judd, one of the leading American masters.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

PAIN, ILLNESS, AND THE MIND.

SOME days spent in a sick-chamber of late suggested to my mind the topic of bodily illness in its relation to the state and condition of the mind, and to the definite effects to which a physical upset of one kind or another might be regarded as capable of giving rise within the mental atmosphere. This, I am aware, is an old subject, but it is one which receives illumination from the personal aspect when the doctor's orders have to be obeyed and when the autocrat of the sick-room issues his fiat concerning the regulation of one's life and habits. That some forms of illness are mind-obliterating in their effects is, of course, a plain fact. Brain-troubles themselves, and bodily ailments of a wasting character which cut us away from adequate nourishment, illustrate disease-phases whose influence upon the mind can be of no other than of paralyzing character. We have to recognise very fully that the kind and quality of blood supplied to our brain-cells represent conditions of the highest possible importance when the character of the work they perform has to be considered. Disease which interferes with this due blood-supply must consequently prove fatal to normal brain-work, and so far must illustrate illness that damps down the mental fires.

The case is different in certain illnesses where, though pain may be abundantly represented, there is no marked interference with the nourishment of the body, and consequently no great tendency in the direction of brain-upset. How often, for example, do we meet with people, chronic invalids in many cases, possessed of the keenest of intellects, capable of discussing erudite problems, and in general of taking the liveliest possible interest in the world's work? They have their "bad quarters of an hour," many of them, but in the intervals of the paroxysms, you find them intellectually brisk and active. They will read literature of special types, ranging from history and sociology onwards to ethnology and recent work connected with radium. I knew one invalid whose greatest treat it was to discuss with someone who knew the subject the pros and cons of the argument connected with the existence of the Great Ice Age.

The records of literary work give us many examples of persons who, while labouring under severe illness, have turned out some very excellent material indeed. I fancy the history of Coleridge would afford some illustration of this fact, as would that of De Quincey, apart altogether from the narcotisation phases of his latter life. This much I do know, that my friend Wilkie Collins wrote a very considerable portion of "The Moonstone" while lying on a sick-bed. Wonderful to relate, the greater part of the humorous incidents in the novel relating to the garrulous Miss Clack was produced during the novelist's illness. I have often thought of the case of W. E. Henley in this connection. For many days he lay in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh suffering severely, yet he was able to write some of his most characteristic poems within the shadow of the hospital walls, or if they were not actually written while he was in the ward, he must have had sufficient grasp of all that passed around him to revive and reproduce in all its vividness a grim picture of hospital life.

I suspect that if we could accurately gauge the kind of illness that more especially acts as a mental stimulant, we should find it to partake mostly of the nature of some local ailment, which, while leaving the brain unaffected, acted none the less definitely in producing what we may call cerebral elation. We see such effects produced by causes that lie either within the sphere of disease or trend very closely upon it. The overdose of alcohol that makes a man temporarily a clever wit, a fascinating speaker, and an entertainer of decided personality, may be said to illustrate a case in which we are treading very closely on the heels of actual illness. It is the same with the opium-eater. His visions are the direct result of the narcotic on his brain-cells. They are thrown off their balance quite as definitely as if some bodily produced poison had been carried by the circulation to the seat of mind.

After all, to look at the wider aspect of the subject, are our mental moods and tenses not largely originated, or at least modified, by our bodily states, in health as well as in disease? Just as a close, foul atmosphere renders us incapable of thinking Imperially, or, indeed, of thinking at all, so the clear, pure air restores to us our mental balance, because of the vivifying oxygen. Which then, in proper amount, is sent to our brain-cells. Disease as a mental stimulant so acts occasionally, because it must exert some definite effect on the mind, while under other circumstances illness may obliterate the mental powers entirely. I have already said enough to indicate that pain, *per se*, localised to a greater or less extent, and not necessarily interfering with the brain itself, represents the case most typical of those whose mind seems to be spurred to vigorous action by the body's misfortunes.

And as for pain itself, even the philosopher who was said to be incapable of bearing the pangs of toothache patiently is forced to admit that, disagreeable it may be, it plays its part in the constitution of life. One very wonderful and astonishing thing about pain is the great variation represented in individuals in respect of the capability of bearing suffering. One person flies into a fever, so to speak, under the influence of a fairly mild attack, while another will bear stolidly torture of excruciating kind. It is not always your disease, heavy-bodied, and dull-minded individual who illustrates a high degree of indifference to pain. One sees every now and then feeble folk who, with a physical bravery hard to explain, face their enemy and suffer without complaint. I think it is among this latter class that we meet with most of the cases in which pain acts as a mental stimulant. Pain is Nature's danger-signal to us that the working of the vital machinery is not all it should be, and that the time has come when it must be regulated and supervised. Not without reason did the sage of old designate it "Blessed pain!"

ANDREW WILSON.

DEATH AT THE FEAST: WEDDING FESTIVITIES INTERRUPTED.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.



AFTER THE OUTRAGE: THE CROWD SALUTING THE DEAD BUGLER AND THE OTHER VICTIMS AS THEY WERE CARRIED OUT OF THE HOUSE, NO. 88, CALLE MAYOR, FROM WHICH THE BOMB WAS THROWN.

On one of the balconies of No. 88, Calle Mayor, the Duke of Ahumada was entertaining a party. Of these four were killed, among them the Marquesa de Tolosa and the daughter of the Countess of Adanero. As the ambulance-men bore the bodies from the house the soldiers and the crowd, lately so joyous to hail a very different procession, reverently saluted. Note the broken drum and the body of the dead bugler in the foreground.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF.

SIXTY years ago Thackeray, in his least happy moments, earned a mid-Victorian reputation for being a tremendous cynic by belabouring the snob. To-day an increasing band of American writers, for once rather belated with their inspiration, are taking the same futile course, regardless of the fact that the snob, like the poor, is always with us, and is also pachydermatous. Mr. Winston Churchill is their latest recruit; and he has embodied his resentment of the plutocratic vulgarity in a neat little comedy that he has happily named "The Title Mart" (Macmillan). Here we have types—a trifle deficient in subtlety, but then subtlety is not easy to express in plays—of sundry Americans and Englishmen, all disporting themselves around a Mrs. Blackwell, who is the snob rampant. It is very amusingly done, and if it is intended for amusement only, will amply fulfil its purpose; but no amount of ridicule will kill the Blackwell creed. Its death will arrive at the moment it becomes dowdy, and not till then.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn adheres so closely to the convention, obsolete even in French novels, that a husband is necessarily ill-bred, disagreeable, and ridiculous, that one wishes she could carry the parallel further, and get into her pages a little of the gaiety of the old, irresponsible marital farces. For the characters in "Beyond the Rocks" (Duckworth) are terribly tedious. There is a wax-doll heroine, the fine texture of whose skin is more apparent than the charm of her conversation, married to a parvenu millionaire, who meets—too late—the peculiar brand of peer of whom Mrs. Glyn makes a speciality, much as Ouida did of guardsmen. The lovers in this case have not the courage of their convictions, and their prolonged and somewhat mawkish flirtation is tempered by an insincere and unconvincing morality. The story becomes for a moment faintly amusing when the heroine goes to stay at a country house where the other women dislike her. But when we remember Elizabeth's visit to a similar house, we conclude that our author is trying to forswear the feminine substitute for sack and write—well, with propriety. Unhappily, the result is dull. But we hasten to say that Theodora is one of those heroines who would have remained dull had she been desperately wicked. The happy ending to such a story is most irritating.

The casual observer who has passed such treasure of sword-guards and netsukés as those illustrated in the plates which accompany a collection of ancient stories, "Japanese Treasure Tales" (Yamataka), contented merely with their decorative qualities, will find henceforth a new charm of significance attached to their beauty of design. These unfamiliar beasts, these misshapen folk, and demons and warriors, have their origin in the earliest sources of national life. Reading with this point of view, it is interesting to trace what we have come to regard as some national characteristics. Very practical and undoubtedly brave, much importance is given to "getting on," and a peculiarly delicious humour abounds in such legends as "The Blind Tortoise," who may, with wonderful luck, see the sun in a billion years or so—any tortoise but a Japanese would have abandoned the attempt; and the herdsman who forbade his ox to drink at a waterfall where a man had just washed out of his ears a proposal which the monarch had conveyed to him that he should become Emperor of Japan. Of imagination, and therefore of real poetry, there is very little. One finds several versions of "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and the Japanese are not without their Sappho of the ninth century; but the use in reference to her of so Western a phrase as "In maiden meditation fancy free" is alone suggestive of the genius of a nation which is as receptive as it is clever.

Even if, as happens to be the case, Mr. Hugh Clifford's tales of the "Heroes of Exile" (Smith, Elder) do not quite fill the volume that bears their name, his enterprise in stringing them together is altogether a successful one. People are beginning to perceive that Mr. Clifford, although he is never "cheap" and prefers to deal with sensational fact rather than improbable fiction, can be relied upon for an excellent yarn, and that in his own corner of the Far East, unhackneyed and remote, he possesses an apparently inexhaustible mine of material. His literary execution is a thousand times better than the slovenly workmanship to be found in sundry novels that sell by tens of thousands, and the stories he builds have their foundation in the actual lives of men. Some of the "Heroes" have already at least a bowing acquaintance with the English public; and some, such as José Rizal, the Filipino revolutionary, patriot, and novelist, have their niche in the world's history. One or two are brought to light now, after centuries of oblivion, by the author's unerring instinct for a genuine romance. Some, whose spirit is of the Golden Age, have been born out of due season in the Victorian era, and amongst these we find George Ross of the Cocos, who still reigns supreme upon his atoll in the Indian Ocean; and the King of the Sedangs, now deceased, who was a French adventurer after the heart of Daudet. They have all lived lives packed with vivid interest, and Mr. Clifford paints them with a sympathetic hand.

We find Mr. Horace Hutchinson very pleasantly at home in "Amelia and the Doctor" (Smith, Elder), which is a pretty, unpretentious, old-fashioned novel. It deals with the inhabitants of Barton, a locality which we may premise to be about midway between Cranford and Miss Mitford's village, and the livelier neighbourhood where Mrs. Oliphant's aristocratic old ladies and well-to-do business people cherished the "queer stories" with which they were so peculiarly blessed. After this geographical direction, nobody will be surprised to hear that Amelia is a dear, dignified, unworldly spinster, living in charity and mild gossip with all men, and that the Doctor is outwardly cynical and inwardly benevolent, a man whose brusque habit cannot conceal

the common friend. Nor will they be unduly astonished to find a gallant half-pay Colonel leading a fair-haired granddaughter by the hand, and making a woeful hash of his business affairs as the novel progresses—nor, even, to find that the haughty Lord Riversdale, who could foster an unforgiving spirit for twenty years, turns out to be touchingly human in the end. We are not quarrelling with Mr. Hutchinson for resuscitating these well-worn figures—on the contrary, his straightforward little story has charmed us by its tenderness and simplicity, and his good people captured our affection immediately. It is a bustling, avaricious world in the main, as we know; and so it is good to be reminded that Barton, in the Cranford country, continues to exist.

"A Discrepant World" (Longmans) is, the sub-title informs us, an "essay in fiction," so that to pick holes in its form and substance would be uncharitable. It is not, certainly, a novel in the general acceptance of the term, for as Alice would have said, there is very little conversation in it; perhaps it will be safest to describe it as a compound of character studies, kindly and discursive, which the writer has steeped in the atmosphere of a dull little Lowland town. The writing is above the average, the feeling is true, the perception shrewd and direct; therefore the anonymous author may be congratulated on his new departure. We found ourselves reading it with a real, if a sober, interest, and reflecting at the same time upon the dignified level to which such philosophical observations of men and women, unhampered by the driving of a furious plot, may attain. There seems to be a good deal of unobtrusive talent advancing into line just now, and sometimes—with a hope all too rash, perhaps, to be fulfilled—we think we perceive in its quiet work, placidly free from the conventional vulgarities, the temperate standard of the future, when "bad form" and rowdiness will be as generally condemned in the world of novels as it is in a self-respecting society. If this is to come, we believe those who read "A Discrepant World" will recognise that its delicate restraint may well stand for the spadework of the pioneers.

Albert Knight, the Leicestershire player, shows some temerity in giving his book so comprehensive a title as "The Complete Cricketer" (Methuen), but we are bound to say that the contents justify him. He has something to say concerning every conceivable aspect of the game, from its supposed derivation from "stoolball" to those "modern problems" of the cricket field which provide critics and players alike with texts for so much discussion. The practical chapters, wherein the author inculcates the principles of batting, bowling, and fielding, are exceedingly sound. He is a real enthusiast on the subject of fielding, and we doubt not that captains of teams will heartily echo this vigorous plea for greater attention to this department of the game. Knight maintains that the bowler "is the supreme head" of the cricket family, and in this he will have the weight of opinion to support him: good batting is much, but good bowling is more; and inasmuch as the science of batting can be taught in a higher degree than the art of bowling, the first-class bowler must always be rarer than the first-class bat. The author has an immense admiration for Victor Trumper: as a batsman he holds the Australian player "a pure artist." Mr. Jessop he regards as the supreme type of the revolutionary whose eccentricities move us to despair. Knight's observations on his contemporaries are particularly interesting, as those of a shrewd but appreciative critic who has studied all with the expert's eye. The illustrations, from photographs, are good examples of the familiar type.

There is a fairyland in the Victoria and Albert Museum labelled "Chinese Art" to which the reading of a "little handbook on Art" (Wyman) should send us back with quickened pulses. The great nation, producing Whistlerian arrangements on silk when we were dressing in blue dye, and Velasquez equestrian portraits twelve centuries before Velasquez, and a soldier-Emperor—let Cromwell and his Roundheads hear!—the first universal Ruler of China, who made plans of every palace he laid siege to and overthrew, that all might be rebuilt, has some right to handbooks on art. Mr. S. W. Bushell's "Chinese Art," Vol. II., deals with pottery (including porcelain), glass, jewellery, enamels, textiles, and painting. There is just enough technique for the mind to ponder intelligently on these precious things; and there are delicious snatches of poetry, shadowy legends, Vasari-like gossip, groups of real men and women inhabiting those strange houses, wandering through those wonderful landscapes; both houses and country treated more subtly and exquisitely in their art than by Nature herself. It is pleasant to think of those little bowls painted with "lawless azure-tinted grotesques," as Charles Lamb said of his own tea-service, being carefully classified according to the colour of their glaze, which as all good Chinese know, affects the flavour of the tea. Just the finest nuance between rose and green; "white," the average eye would put down each, will do it. Jade was the ideal of the Chinese potter; under a "great piece" he writes "jade," *tout court*; and with such pottery it is not strange that glass was worked with less enthusiasm. It is found in small objects, such as snuff-bottles: they fill several cases at South Kensington, each working out some beautiful device like a sonnet, the stopper slipped in as its last line with a sensational beauty that leaves one wondering if some Chinese Lamartine did not lay down the axiom that one need only look at the stopper of a perfect snuff-bottle. Enamels seem to have always worn a foreign air for the true Chinaman, "fit only, being gaudy, for the ladies' apartments," says a critic of the fourth century, and he is corroborated by one of the eighteenth. But there is an ode written by an Emperor about an antique screen in enamel which is like a bit of Keats turned Chinese; it ends with: "May the twin dryandra trees live for myriads of years. The fire-stove on the screen will never lack its pile of fuel."

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

IT is a little difficult to see why a traveller who is so frankly bored by India as is Mr. G. F. Abbott should have taken the trouble to produce the book called "Through India with the Prince" (Arnold). The volume is attractively got up, and the photographs are very good, but the publisher evidently does not consider the text worthy of an index. Mr. Abbott writes in the style which comes so easily to cultured globe-trotters since G. W. Stevens showed the way, but his constant citation of the "platitudinarian friend" and "the Old Resident" (by which Mr. Abbott does not mean what an Anglo-Indian would) is tiresome. His ostentatious indifference to pomp and pageantry, durbars and tamashas, approaches affectation in a correspondent appointed to follow the Prince's tour, but his wish to discover and record the actual condition of the people of India might lend value to his work if only it were possible for a casual stranger, necessarily unable to apply the proper standards of comparison, to make any serious contribution to the world's knowledge of such matters. The personal note is strummed far too loudly and persistently. It is not of the least interest to anybody that the review of the Indian Army impressed Mr. Abbott, "though only in a lukewarm and academic manner," and if an author chooses to write himself down a prig, the achievement is neither meritorious nor noteworthy. Our lukewarm scribe conveyed his academic mind through most of the provinces of India, and describes what he saw fairly enough. He is, as a rule, accurate beyond the normal measure of such observers, but, naturally enough, is not impeccable. He has not got the five rivers of the Punjab right, and his remark that the Punjabi peasant "cannot afford" rice is as misleading as it would be to say that the Russian peasant cannot afford macaroni. We doubt whether Pathans, who are Muhammadans, are eager to wash off their sins in the Ganges; and we may observe that, if Mr. Abbott, as he professes, cannot imagine a native of India producing a drama, he might do worse than study an elementary handbook to Sanskrit literature. The fact seems to be that he feels unconsciously the instinctive repugnance of the Hellenic spirit to the Oriental: the Indian mind repels him, and the romance of Indian history leaves him unmoved. But he is worth hearing on the gulf—the widening gulf—between European and Native, and his remarks on the strange transitional era through which India is now passing certainly deserve attention.

In the winter of 1902-3 M. Eugène Aubin travelled extensively in Morocco, and contributed interesting papers to the leading French journals. When his journey was at an end, the various articles were collected into volume form, and "Morocco of To-day" was crowned by the French Academy. An English translation, not too well made, is now presented by Dent and Co., and the book may be recommended with confidence to all who desire to obtain a thorough knowledge of the country, its people, and its government. From the English standpoint the book loses from the French spelling of Moorish words. These should surely have been rendered as nearly as possible in English. The carelessness that sets down such a sentence as the following needs no further condemnation than quotation: "Besides the women, whose attractions must be very small, drunkardness is rampant among the men" (page 292). "Tangiers" for Tangier is a very common error of which the translator is guilty, and other mistakes call for brief notice. "Bou Hamara," for example, does not mean "the patriarch with the she-ass," nor can one accept "tippet" as the proper translation of *selham*. M. Aubin himself should know better than to suggest that Mulai Ismail drove the English out of Tangier in the seventeenth century. A shareef is not a nobleman, but a descendant of the Prophet; and the piles of stones that the traveller passes so often on the road in Morocco do not recall combats and murders, as the author fondly imagines. But although his book is plentifully besprinkled with trifling inaccuracies, all students of Morocco must be indebted to M. Aubin for some most painstaking work and for a patient endeavour to find an explanation for all that has come upon the Maghreb in the latter days. Presumably the author is too patriotic a Frenchman to allude to the assistance that Bou Hamara received from the military authorities in Algeria, but as everybody who should know the truth about the rising is well informed upon this point, the author's patriotic reticence does not concern us greatly. For all its shortcomings and evidences of partiality, "Morocco of To-day" is a remarkable achievement, and the author deserves the honours that have fallen to him.

In "Sport and Travel: Abyssinia and British East Africa" (Fisher Unwin) Lord Hindlip describes the incidents of, and impressions formed on, one journey in the former region and two in the latter. His expeditions were undertaken mainly for the sake of sport, and thanks largely to his capacity for the hard work big-game shooting in any country compels, he was very successful, more especially with lions. From the author's narrative we are tempted to the conclusion that these animals are more numerous now than they were a few years ago; a natural but unsought result of the measures adopted for the preservation of the game. Lord Hindlip, by the way, shares the view held by other experienced men that these game-protection regulations stand in need of drastic revision in the interests of the settlers in British East Africa. With regard to colonisation, it would have been interesting had Lord Hindlip told us more of the progress which has been made on "Equator Ranch," where Lord Delamere is making experiments in cross-breeding with imported sheep and cattle and the native stock. To the short list of names of ladies who have killed African game must now be added that of Lady Hindlip, who accompanied her husband on his second trip and proved herself quite capable of handling a rifle. Three good maps enable us to follow the author's travels.

THE MOST GORGEOUS WEDDING PAGEANT OF MODERN TIMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



1. THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY FROM THE CHURCH.

2. THE CARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARIA CHRISTINA. THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER.

3. THE CARRIAGES OF THE SPANISH NOBILITY.

The carriages of the Spanish Court are one of the sights of Europe. The Queen-Mother, Queen Maria Christina, drove in the splendid "Coche de Caoba," the mahogany coach, drawn by eight horses—a royal prerogative. With the Queen-Mother were Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Infantes Don Carlos and Don Alfonso. The carriage passed amid much enthusiastic cheering.

THE BRITISH HEIR-APPARENT AND HIS WIFE AT THE SPANISH WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND HUTIN TRAMPTIS



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES RETURNING TO THE PALACE AFTER THE WEDDING.

The coach of the Prince and Princess of Wales was one of the last in the procession. On the way to the church their Royal Highnesses' carriage was separated from the bridegroom's only by the empty equipage, the "Coach of the Gold Panels," or "Coach of Respect," which was afterwards to be used so unexpectedly to convey the newly married King and Queen to the Palace when their own coach had been damaged by the bomb.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ARRIVING IN MADRID.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in Madrid at half-past three on the afternoon of May 29. The Prince wore the uniform of a British General and the Princess a light summer dress and a toque trimmed with convolvulus blooms and a pale-blue ostrich feather. Their Royal Highnesses drove to the Palace attended by an escort of cavalry.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR: THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE FROM SAN GERONIMO.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS.



ENGLISH DUKE AND SPANISH GRANDEE: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The Duke of Wellington was present by virtue of his rank as a grandee of Spain of the first class. His title—Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo—was bestowed on his great ancestor, the first Duke of Wellington, for his services in the cause of Spain during the Peninsular War.



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE CHURCH BY THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED STAIRCASE.

The former narrow entrance to the church had given place to a broad flight of stairs, over the top of which extended a great crimson canopy embroidered with the escutcheons of the Spanish provinces. The balustrade was decorated with white carnations, roses, pale-blue irises, and cornflowers.

WHERE THE QUEENS OF SPAIN DEDICATE THEIR WEDDING DRESSES:
THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF ATOCHA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF ATOCHA, WHERE IS PRESERVED THE DRESS IN WHICH
QUEEN ISABELLA II. ESCAPED ASSASSINATION.



Photo. Topical.

THE CLOISTERS OF OUR LADY OF ATOCHA, WITH THE PATRIOTIC MEMORIAL.

In the church of Our Lady of Atocha in Madrid the Queens of Spain dedicate their wedding dresses. It has been rumoured that Queen Victoria's wedding dress, which is stained with the blood of victims of the bomb outrage, will not be placed there, but in a small church near the scene of the attempted assassination. Last week we gave an illustration of the shrine itself, where the clergy preserve the dress of Queen Isabella II, torn by the knife of the would-be assassin, Martin Moreno.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.



THE QUEEN'S WEDDING DRESS; THE WORK OF SPANISH NEEDLEWOMEN.

According to custom, the Queen's wedding dress was the gift of her husband. Forty Spanish women were engaged for fifty-six days upon the dress and mantle. The style of the dress is pure Louis XVI., and the principal material is white satin and cloth of silver. The dress is bordered with dull silver, slightly burnished here and there, and trimmed with magnificent rose-point festooned over a foundation of cloth of silver. The lace flounce is half a yard wide, and the whole is relieved with loops of orange blossom. The train hangs from the shoulders in Watteau pleats. It is of cloth of silver sewn with small fleur-de-lys, and bordered with exquisite lace of the same pattern as that on the dress. The train has a narrow edge of orange blossom.

KING ALFONSO'S HORSES IN HIS MAJESTY'S WEDDING PROCESSION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE PART OF THE ROYAL STABLES IN THE PAGEANT: THE PARADE OF THE KING'S HORSES REPRESENTING REGIMENTS OF WHICH HIS MAJESTY IS COLONEL.

The King's horses, each wearing a particular head-dress or some distinguishing mark, regimental or otherwise, were led in the wedding procession by the Royal Grooms. More than two hundred horses, magnificently caparisoned, took part in the procession, and the uniforms of the mace-bearers, grooms, riding-masters, and other officials added greatly to the splendour of the pageant. The royal stables also sent their trumpet and kettle-drum band, which played a quaint march dating from the fifteenth century. King Alfonso's horses are for the most part bred at his farm in Aranjuez.

JUST BEFORE THE OUTRAGE: THE STATE PAGEANT ON ITS WAY FROM THE CHURCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TUPHAL PRESS.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 9, 1906. 313

THE COACH THAT NEVER REACHED ITS DESTINATION: THE INTERRUPTED STATE PROCESSION.

The "Coche de la Corona Real," or coach of the Royal Crown, which was occupied by their Majesties, is used only by members of the Spanish royal family. On the top are two golden globes supporting the royal crown, to symbolise the old sovereignty of Spain in the Old and the New World. On the coach are emblazoned the arms of Spain and Naples, Naples having been the

native country of Maria Christina, the wife of Fernando VII., for whom the coach was constructed. The arms, however, symbolise Spain's old dominion over the Two Sicilies. The coach is lined within with velvet and silk embroidery. Eight white horses, with gorgeous trappings and plumes of ostrich feathers, drew the magnificent vehicle in the procession of May 31.

THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MADRID OUTRAGE TAKEN AT THE MOMENT OF THE EXPLOSION.

PHOTOGRAPH THE PROPERTY OF THE SPANISH JOURNALS "BLANCO Y NEGRO" AND "ABC": EXCLUSIVE BRITISH COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



In the middle of the road is the King's carriage, with the coachman still on the box. To the right is a dense fog of dust, from the middle of which emerge the figures of three mounted soldiers. In front of the carriage one horse is lying dead, and the other seven are spread out across the street in panic. The leading outrider is wildly gesticulating, while a civilian has just seized the head of the

other leader. On the left are the horses of the escort tearing and prancing and mixed in the utmost confusion. To the right of the foreground is a dense crowd. A soldier in the front is presenting his fixed bayonet, while a policeman stands with his arms extended wide towards the carriage. An officer on a white horse is apparently addressing the King or receiving orders.

"VIVA LA REINA VICTORIA!" SPAIN WELCOMES HER NEW QUEEN.

SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID; PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS



"THE QUEEN COMES!"—A PRETTY GROUP AT AN ENTRESOL WINDOW DURING THE PASSING OF THE PROCESSION.

[Along the processional route were many charming groups of Spanish ladies and children, and our Artist has sketched one of the prettiest of these. The window was embowered in roses, and the whole scene was exquisitely picturesque and animated]



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOYAL PEOPLE: A TYPICAL SPANISH CROWD CHEERING THE QUEEN.

The newly-wedded pair were acclaimed with the wildest enthusiasm all along the processional route, and after the bomb outrage the popular expressions of loyalty and affection rose almost to frenzy.

THE BLOODSTAINED HOUSE FROM WHICH THE BOMB WAS THROWN.

Photo by the Illustrated London News.



1. THE BALCONY FROM WHICH MORAL THREW THE BOMB.
2. THE BALCONY ON THE THIRD FLOOR WHERE THE LITTLE GIRL CARMEN PRIETO WAS KILLED.

3. THE BALCONY WHERE DON ANTONIO GONZALEZ WAS KILLED.
4. THE BALCONY WHERE THE MARQUESA DE TOLOSA AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS DE ADANERO WERE KILLED.

THE ACTUAL SCENE OF THE ATTEMPT ON THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, No. 88, CALLE MAYOR.

Note on the canopy and on the right of the figure "4" stains of blood from the victims who perished on the lower balcony.

JUST BEFORE THE OUTRAGE: THE KING AND QUEEN EN ROUTE FOR THE PALACE.



SPAIN'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER NEW QUEEN: THE WEDDING PROCESSION ON ITS WAY FROM THE CHURCH TO THE PALACE.

King Alfonso and Queen Victoria drove from the church in the "Coach of the Royal Crown," a splendid carriage drawn by eight horses. Their Majesties had a tremendous ovation, which was unfortunately interrupted by the tragedy in the Calle Mayor. The front of the state coach was shattered by the bomb, and the King and Queen had to continue their journey in the "Coach of Respect," an empty carriage which always follows the royal coach in Spanish pageants.

JUST AFTER THE OUTRAGE: THE SHATTERED STATE COACH AND ONE OF THE KILLED HORSES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD



THE SCENE IN THE CALLE MAYOR AFTER THE KING AND QUEEN HAD CONTINUED THEIR JOURNEY: THE WRECKED STATE COACH AND A SLAUGHTERED HORSE.

Across the street trailed one of the banners of congratulation which the explosive had partly torn from its support. In the centre stood the state coach, the front of which was shattered by the bomb, which fell just in advance of the front wheels. Close at hand lay a horse. The officials at once cleared the scene of the outrage, and the guards can be seen holding the crowd back at the entrance of the side streets.

PRINCESS ENA'S BEAUTIFUL SUBJECTS: TYPES OF SPANISH BEAUTY.

FROM THE GALLERY OF MODERN ART IN MADRID.



CARMEN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. CASADO.



AMAPOLA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SAENZ.



A GYPSY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROUGERON.



THE LETTER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARRENO.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEDDING AND THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS



A DUMB SUFFERER BY THE EXPLOSION.

Two horses of the royal carriage were killed and several others were injured. The bomb fell right between the last pair of horses and the front wheels.



FOR FOREIGN VISITORS: THE INFORMATION BUREAU.

The kiosk was provided for foreign visitors to Madrid, who were invited to go to the bureau for information regarding hotels and means of transit.

King Alfonso.



KING ALFONSO ESCORTING HIS BRIDE TO EL PARDO AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN SPAIN.

The King brought Princess Ena from the railway-station with a splendid cavalcade extending about half a mile. His Majesty, who wore a white sun-helmet, rode immediately behind the carriage conveying the bride and Princess Henry of Battenberg.



ON THE SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE: THE ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY AMBULANCE TO REMOVE THE DEAD.

A military ambulance-wagon and Red Cross men with stretchers were on the scene very soon after the explosion. They removed the bodies from the street and from No. 88, Calle Mayor.



THE CIVIL GUARDS SURROUNDING THE HOUSE FROM WHICH THE BOMB WAS THROWN.

A large detachment of the Guardia Civil surrounded the house from which the bomb was thrown and took charge of it. They remained on duty for the rest of the day.

QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE NEWLY-WEDDED PRINCESS ENA AND HER HUSBAND.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MADRID.

Queen-Mother.

Bride.

Bridegroom.

Prince Carlos.



The Duke of Braganza.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

Princess of Wales.

Prince of Wales.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND KING ALFONSO LEAVING THE ALTAR FOR THE THRONE AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE CHURCH OF SAN GERONIMO.

The ceremony was in the ancient Toledan ritual, not the form ordinarily used in Spain. The Archbishop of Toledo read a catechism of Pope Benedict XIV., rehearsing the duties of marriage, and asked the bride and bridegroom if there was any impediment to their union. The Archbishop addressed the bride in French and the King in Spanish. The bride and bridegroom then knelt and exchanged rings.

and the King handed the Princess thirteen pieces of gold, saying, "I give you this in pledge of matrimony." The Archbishop then joined their hands and blessed them. The musical service followed, and the King and Queen proceeded to the Throne, before which were two predica, at which they knelt, surrounded by the officiating prelates. The prayer at the Throne concluded the ceremony.

MOTOR AND BALLOON FÊTES FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



IN HONOUR OF THE VISITING PRINCES: A FLIGHT OF TWELVE BALLOONS FROM THE AËRO CLUB, MADRID.

The latest amusement—ballooning—was represented during the Madrid festivities. On May 29 the members of the Aëro Club organised a great display, and celebrated the arrival of the foreign Princes with a flight of twelve balloons from the headquarters of the association in the Spanish capital. The aéronauts hoped to land at El Pardo.



SPANISH MOTORISTS WELCOMING THEIR QUEEN: THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE TO THE PARDO PALACE.

On May 28 two hundred motor-cars decorated with the Spanish and English flags went from Madrid to El Pardo. The King, the Infante Don Carlos, and the Infanta Isabel joined the procession, which was one of the prettiest spectacles in the whole series of ceremonies.

PRINCESS ENA'S PICTURESQUE COUNTRY: TYPES OF SPANISH ART.

FROM THE GALLERY OF MODERN ART IN MADRID.



A GALICIAN MARKET.

FROM THE PAINTING BY DOMINGUEZ.



A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALVAREZ.

SPANISH NATIONAL ART IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSÉ M. CARBONERO.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 9, 1906.—858

THE COUNTRY PILGRIMAGE TO THE VIRGIN DEL ROCIO OF SEVILLE PASSING THROUGH THE SIERRA MORENA.

A MILLION STERLING AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES.



1. THE STRANDED VESSEL.

2. AMONG THE JAGGED ROCKS OFF SHUTTER POINT.

3. A BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE "MONTAGU'S" FLIGHT.

4. THE "MONTAGU'S" ALMOST HOPELESS POSITION.

5. THE STRANDED "MONTAGU" SEEN FROM THE CLIFFS.

THE STRANDED BATTLE-SHIP "MONTAGU."

On May 30, during a thick fog, the first-class battle-ship "Montagu" went ashore on Shutter Point, Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel. Her salvage is still doubtful. Fortunately no lives were lost. She is of the "Duncan" class, was built at Devonport, and was completed for sea in 1903. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length 405 feet, beam 75½ feet, draught 26½ feet. Her displacement is 14,000 tons, and her indicated horse-power 18,285. Her cost was £1,046,992. Her armament consists of four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, twelve 12-pounders, six 3-pounders, two machine guns, and two light guns. Our photographs are by Phillipse, of Ilfracombe, and Lake, of Instow.



A CAMBODIAN BALLET AT THE MARSEILLES EXHIBITION.

The corps-de-ballet of King Sisowath, successor of Norodom I., has been brought to the French Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles, where they will perform under the king's personal direction. Their dances are founded on the serpent-worship of the Khmers, with whose religion Brahminism and Buddhism are mingled, and the three cults are expressed in the Cambodian ballet. The

girls imitate the supple movements of the serpent-god, and achieve undulations that are only possible by clever dislocations. With their delicate feet they imitate—O irony!—the rhythmic swaying of white elephants, the sacred animals in whom, according to the Buddhist belief, the spirits of Cambodian kings and princes are reincarnate. The dances are also reminiscent of Brahmin rites.

THE OPENING OF WARING'S NEW BUILDING.

A WONDER-HOUSE OF ARTISTIC THINGS.

THE magnificent block of new premises which Messrs. Waring have been erecting in Oxford Street in order to cope with the great extension of their business is now completed, and will be opened to the public on Monday next, June 11. During the whole of the first week visitors will be admitted by invitation, and in order that the occasion may be utilised solely as a practical demonstration of the resources and capabilities of the firm in connection with the furnishing and decorative arts, no sales will, during that period, be effected. The occasion, in fact, will be that of an illustrative exposition of household art and equipment in every form. In addition to the special departments which Waring's have already made particularly their own, they have now added some forty new ones, which will comprise every detail that is necessary for every kind of house-equipment.

This great event will be practically the consummation of a continuous policy which had its foundation over two hundred years ago in the establishment of Gillow's, and which has been consistently pursued ever since, viz., that of creating designs in which the art of furnishing with taste in every style is associated with the most advanced mechanical methods to reduce the cost of production to its minimum, and to enable the purchaser to procure everything, in good design and of sound workmanship, at a cost very much lower than has hitherto been possible. In fact, by this policy and the magnitude of their operations, Waring's are able to give to every customer *absolute value for his money*.

A particular feature of the new building is the exhibition of five model houses, completely furnished, at different prices, and of 150 specimen furnished rooms, ranging in price from £20 to £20,000. The immense value of these practical suggestions must appeal to everyone who has to contend with the difficulty of furnishing a house. The matter is here simplified to such a degree that, instead of a toil, selection becomes a pleasure.

The great galleries devoted to the display of furniture, carpets, decorated fabrics, etc., constitute a veritable museum of artistic interest, and it is no exaggeration to say that both as an exhibition of applied art, and as a practical guide to householders of every class, there is no building in the world that can at all compare with the one under discussion. Moreover, in every detail the comfort and convenience of visitors have been consulted. There are a restaurant and a tea-room where they can obtain luncheon or tea without the necessity of leaving the building; not to mention lifts, an entertainment agency, and other conveniences.

Among the special features to be introduced by Messrs. Waring are several of comparative novelty in connection with the furnishing trade. In the first place, all goods will be marked in plain figures and at the lowest prices. Then, all goods will be guaranteed, and, if not found satisfactory will be exchanged at any time within three months, or the money will be returned. It is, in fact, Messrs. Waring's aim and policy to give perfect satisfaction to every customer, and they are determined to spare no trouble or expense to bring about this result. Of course the fact that they are large manufacturers, and possess, as has already been indicated, factories perfectly equipped for sound and economical production, will enable them to carry out this policy in a way that would be quite impossible if they were merely merchants or middlemen.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the points of interest and attraction in this enormous structure, but it may be said that every detail has been carefully thought out, every interest and requirement have been considered, and everything which experience and ingenuity can suggest has been carried out. The result is a great Palace of Commerce, the like of which, having regard to its magnitude, architecture, and artistic stock, certainly does not exist in any part of the world. The exterior of the building has already been referred to by a leading daily paper as "one of the sights of London," and the demonstration which will take place next week will in all probability induce the general public to pass a similar verdict on the interior, with its beautiful and varied assortment of everything that is ornamental and useful for the home.



ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

ONE of the most notable Church events of June in North London will be the opening, by the Duchess of Westminster, of a garden fête and sale of work at Hackney Rectory on the 26th. The fête will be continued on the two following days, when the Countess of Jersey and the Countess of Lovelace are expected to perform the opening ceremonies. The Rector, the Hon. A. G. Lawley, hopes by this means to raise a substantial sum in aid of the renovation fund of the St. John-at-Hackney Institute. The institute building is one of the oldest in Hackney, and is full of historical association. Among its former occupiers were Thomas Sutton, founder of Charterhouse, and General Picton, of Waterloo fame.

The Bishop of Stepney made a very earnest appeal on behalf of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta at its annual meeting last week, and said it was a work which he had remembered in his prayers almost every day for sixteen or seventeen years.

The Rev. J. E. Watts - Ditchfield has promised to conduct a parochial mission in November at Christ Church, Eastbourne. The work connected with the Church of St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green, of which he is Vicar, continues to flourish in a wonderful way.

Among the well-known people who gave personal help last week were Lady Marjorie Wilson and Lady Hope.

Canon Allen Edwards has been ill, but he managed to attend the Ministerial Jubilee celebration of the Rev. Arthur Mursell, which took place at Stockwell

their relations have always been very happy. The Vicar of All Saints' greatly valued this opportunity, which, he said, he had never had before, and probably would never have again, of sitting under the presidency of Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, who acted as chairman of the meeting.

Canon Robertson addressed a long and interesting letter to the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Bradford on his retirement from the position of Vicar of Bradford, his doctor having forbidden him to say farewell in person. During the past ten years, he is glad to think, the Church in Bradford has seen considerable extension, its organisation has improved, and it has become more united. Canon Robertson refers to the parish church as "the mother of forty-four daughters already."

Bishop Thornton has gone to Southport for a change after his recent illness.

The Headmaster of Eton, Canon the Hon. Edward Lytton, spoke at the annual meeting of the Bishop of St. Albans' Fund, held in Grosvenor House. He earnestly desires to see more of the young men of England devoting their lives to mission work amongst the poor, and thinks that something is wrong with the home education of the upper classes, who ought to make their boys understand the joys of giving, the joys of self-sacrifice.



THE RIVER WYE FROM THE RAILWAY, BUILTH ROAD.

Our photograph is taken from an illustrated guide entitled "Four Welsh Spas." The book, which is issued by the London and North-Western Railway, gives a great deal of interesting information about Llandrindod, Builth, Llangammarch, and Llanwrtyd. The London and North-Western station is a mile and three-quarters from Builth Road, and the connection is made with Builth Wells by the Cambrian Railway Company. At Builth Wells there is excellent accommodation for tourists, and also good fishing.

Baptist Church last week. Mr. Mursell was already at work in South Lambeth when Canon Edwards came as curate to St. Stephen's thirty-eight years ago, and

wrong with the home education of the upper classes, who ought to make their boys understand the joys of giving, the joys of self-sacrifice.



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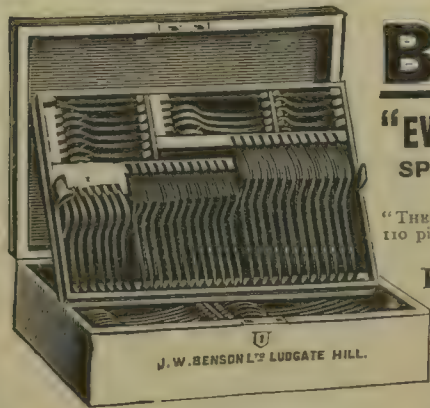
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LADIES' PAGES.

I HAVE had the pleasure of seeing the Queen three times in the last week, and am glad to be able to report that her Majesty looks as sweetly pretty and as charming as ever. It is truly a pleasure to see this gracious personality, and many a function that I might have shirked have I gone to in my time precisely because it was to bring me into the presence of Queen Alexandra—not at all because she is Queen, but because the late Duchess of Teck told the truth when she wrote in her diary that the then Princess of Wales was "a great darling." The Infanta Eulalia, the King of Spain's aunt, has said of the new Queen of Spain that "she is twice a Queen, once of Spain and once of beauty." This is how Queens ought to be; and graciousness of soul is the ideal beautifier. With that at her command, the new Queen Victoria will not fail to retain the love and admiration of her people, just as Queen Alexandra has done throughout the forty odd years of her married life.

It has been noted that nearly all the European Kings have Consorts who are taller than themselves. Princess Ena is so much taller than the King of Spain that when they are standing to be taken by the camera the art of the photographer is exercised in many a clever device to bring their heads on a level. The Queen of Italy towers above her King; and the stately Queen of Portugal gains added state when beside her husband's jovial face and figure. The Tsaritsa is in every respect built on a more noble scale than her husband, and the Princess of Wales looks more robust as well as taller than the Prince. This seems to show that there is some degree of "natural selection," as Mr. Darwin would have called it, even in the weddings that are so much matters of state as those of Kings and heirs to thrones. The little woman, "just as high as my heart," is not in fashion nowadays; and Queens, Princesses, and Duchesses are all as notably affected by this modern taste as their less important sisters. Who that saw it will ever forget the stately height and consequent dignity of the four Duchesses who bore Queen Alexandra's Coronation canopy?

It is nonsense to say that women have nothing to do with what goes on in Parliament, for there are constantly matters brought before the "High Court," as the Church Service calls it, that are of the utmost direct importance to women. On one day recently there were two such matters. Lord Avebury endeavoured to obtain some assurance that steps would be practically taken by the Government to endeavour by international agreement to diminish the ever-growing expenditure of this and of all other countries on war preparations. This matter most directly affects the large number of women who are income-tax payers. Lord Avebury pointed out that in the last ten years the



A NEAT YACHTING FROCK.

Blue serge faced with white serge trimmed with lines of narrow braid builds this serviceable dress. Buttons and strappings aid in trimming.

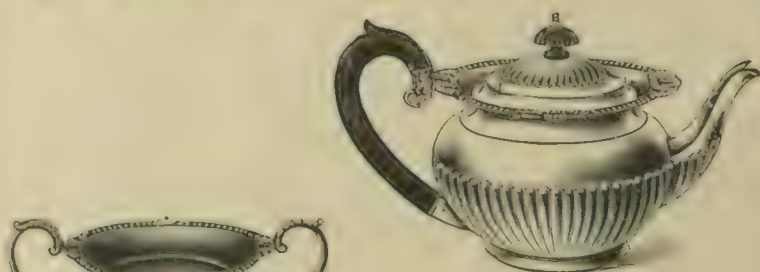
expenditure on our war preparations has very nearly doubled; at the earlier date the cost was thirty-five millions annually, and now it is over sixty-six millions annually! The working men pay no income-tax; women do pay it. The other question brought forward affecting many women was that of making marriage with a deceased wife's sister legal in this country in the case of people who have contracted such marriages in our own Colonies, in which the unions in question are lawful. Hitherto, such persons have found their marriages, though contracted legally in their own colony, regarded by the Mother Country's laws as naught. The Duke of Northumberland desired to include in this new legislation some declaration of the propriety of all marriages being recognised as legal here if they were in accordance with the laws of the country where they were contracted. This change would have the merit of being just to women, who, if they are married according to the law of the country in which they live, ought never, it seems to me, to be under any peril of having their marriage repudiated as invalid in any other country. However, the Duke of Northumberland's "instruction" to add some such provision to the Colonial Marriages Bill was not carried.

When as children we first learned about China, one of the things that struck most of us as "horrid" was the fact that puppy-dog was one of their favourite dishes; I well remember how very nasty this seemed to me. On more mature consideration, I must needs own that what it is nice to eat from the point of view of refinement is all a matter of custom and fancy. Nevertheless, it is with a touch of the childish disgust that many of us will hear that the practice of eating dog is growing quite common in Germany. The tariff on meat imported from abroad is so high in the German Empire that the price has become almost prohibitive to the less wealthy classes, and consequently horse and dog flesh are being consumed in ever-increasing quantity. In the fourth quarter of 1905 there were 52,584 horses slaughtered for food, and nearly 2500 dogs. These are the official figures, given in the German Press. Most likely delicious ragouts can be constructed by this base use of the poor friend of man, but it certainly brings home to one how much the best of the argument vegetarians have both in their moral claim and on the ground of refinement. For my part, I would almost as soon be a cannibal as eat a dog knowingly!

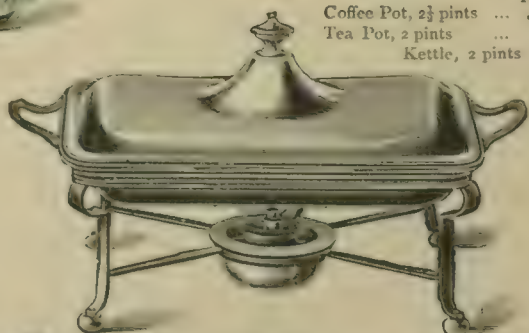
Speaking of food, there is an amusing story of the sufferings of an earlier Queen of Spain in that regard. She was a poor little girl of twelve years of age only, a French Princess, married by the policy of Louis XIV. of France to a King of Spain who was himself only seventeen years old. As the little girl disliked the first Spanish cooking that she tried, she asked that some French dishes might be provided for her, and this was done. But the Spanish noble ladies who had the privilege of serving her Majesty at table were most deeply wounded in their pride by the girl Queen's request, and

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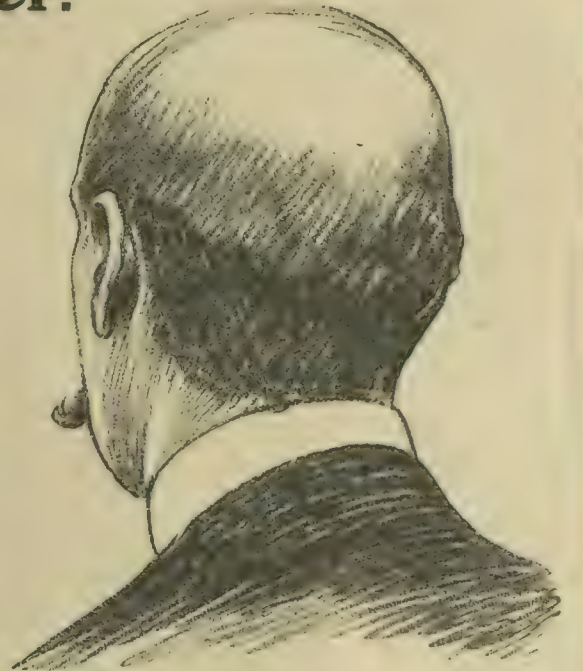
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they so contrived that every dish of French origin was spilled or spoiled before it was handed to her Majesty. The poor child rose starved from table, and went to her room and wept, and begged to be sent back home. Her countrymen, with their keen appreciation of good cookery, would probably have thought her abandonment of her crown on this score all but justified. The new Queen of Spain will doubtless be served satisfactorily, for in the first place the French *haute cuisine* has conquered the world that can afford to dine (as distinguished from mere eating), and in the second place she will not be personally served by society dames. Royal state is now far less ceremonious than it was of old. Queen Elizabeth was always handed her dishes by young ladies of noble birth, who knelt to serve the Queen. In earlier times it was considered seemly for a lady of rank to sit under the table at the Queen's feet holding a napkin in which to receive the bones that her Majesty used to take in her royal fingers to pick, as did her subjects, before the progress of civilisation had arrived at the place where it would find the fork waiting for adoption. After all, impartially considered, it is really cleaner to eat with one's own newly washed finger-tips than with a fork that has been used by other people, and more or less carefully wiped. The Arabs of rank and good breeding show the English traveller how delicately a whole party of people can eat from one and the same dish with their fingers; so we need not be shocked to know that our own Sovereigns once did the like.

It seems hardly proper to make use of the recent calamities in Italy in connection with frivolities, but dress-designers are not sensitive to this degree, and so the newest fashionable colour is called "Vesuvius." It is a deep yellow with a shot of flame red in its lights and shades. Gauze and messaline are produced in this new tint. Shaded effects are always smart when well used, and gowns in opalescent tints proved most successful under the brilliant light of Buckingham Palace at the recent Court. Black was another favourite, and this is always good in the artificial light, although it is not desirable to have too much of it, as the general effect in that case becomes too sombre. Individually, a black gown lighted up with abundance of glitter from the precious stones round the décolletage, and on the neck and head, is as striking to the observer and favourable to the wearer as possible. A popular colour of the moment in all evening dresses is "Nattier" blue. It is a very refined colour, clearer than the usual pastel shades of blue, yet with the delicacy of tone known as pastel; in "Nattier" blue, in fact, there is a shade of grey. An admirable Court gown in this tint was in Nattier blue tulle draped over a thick dull-surfaced silk of the same colour; the tulle surface gave softness to the colouring in a delightful way. The skirt was embroidered from the hem to the knees with silver, in a floral design, wide and full round the bottom, and rising to mere trailing points at the top, where it was met by a series of little bows of pink velvet holding the tulle on to



AN EMPIRE RACE-COAT.

A smart coat in putty-coloured face-cloth, trimmed with bands of Irish crochet and a big gold buckle, is prepared for Ascot.

the silk. The tulle was set in a multitude of shirrings at the waist, where it was partly covered by a deep shaped belt of pink velvet, above which the full bodice pouched slightly; it was of the blue tulle embroidered with silver to fix it on to a foundation of blue silk to harmonise with the skirt, and it was trimmed at the left shoulder with pink and blue ostrich plumes and silver oars. A soft yellow tulle Court gown in Empire style was also successful. It was laid over yellow satin, and embroidered in wreath-like pattern with both silver and gold, aided by long fringes of silver, gold, crystal, and pink beads, which swayed and dangled at intervals from the embroidered wreaths with artistic effect. The deep belt just under the bust was of yellow satin quite encrusted with gold embroidery, and the low bodice was surrounded with a fringe of beads, and finished with a large central bunch of yellow and pink roses; lace to soften the effect appeared round the foot, and as a narrow berthe above the heading of the fringe.

A fine evening frock is in white net, upon which all over one finds inserted motifs of lace finely embroidered with tiny gold beads. Round the hem a succession of little frills of the net are placed, with a narrow fringe of crystal beads set between each frill. The top of the skirt, though plainly cut, presents the effect of a hip yoke by reason of a trimming of lace laid round it in a vandyked design. Above this is a belt of blue satin; the rest of the little bodice is composed of frills of net interspersed with rows of crystal fringe, and there is a fine lace berthe headed by a line of blue velvet embroidered with the tiny gold beads. Fringe is well used on day dresses of the smarter order, as well as on the evening frocks. A very tiny "Tom Thumb" edging of silk fringe on either side of a band or line of trimming gives a soft effect; and again one sees little fringes depend from medallions of lace scattered over the surface of a design, as well as the more ordinary use of a fringe as an edging to a garment. Ribbon is another form of trimming material that is often seen employed at present with excellent results. An entire tunic for indoor wear, three-quarter length, was made with chené ribbons, about four inches wide; the ground black and the colouring shades of red; these were run on a white chiffon coat-shaped foundation, with a line of gauged chiffon of equal width inserted between each band of the ribbon. Over the chiffon, as if tying the edges of the ribbon together, passed slender silver cords; and the whole was held in at the waist by a deep belt of soft black satin with a paste buckle. This was worn as a tea-jacket by a smart woman at her own tea-party, finished with a cluster of deep crimson roses at the bust; the skirt worn under the coat was black lace. This is a hint as to how ribbons may be utilised to make most uncommon-looking and charming indoor garments. A sac-shaped tea-jacket shows off the beauty of a delicate ribbon to perfection, and there is any quantity of ribbon eminently suitable for such use.

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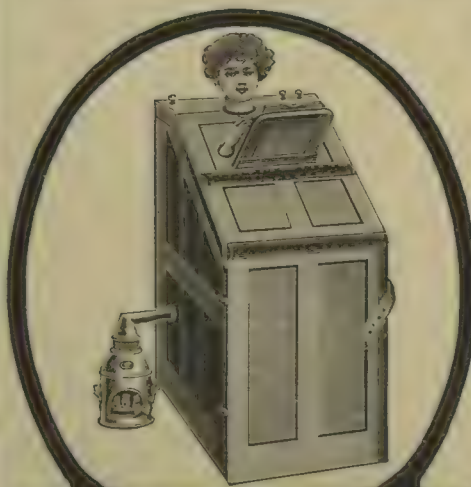
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DEPT. A. 7.

J. FOOT & SON, 171, New Bond Street, London, W.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

TWO ENGLISH SINGERS.

LAST week two English singers made a great impression at Covent Garden by singing two of the most difficult rôles in the repertory of our national Opera House in fashion that must have satisfied the most exigent critics in the house. The first performance to which we refer is that of Miss Agnes Nicholls in "Tannhäuser"; she sang the Venus music as we have seldom or never heard it sung before. German sopranos as a class contrive to make Venus so unattractive from the vocal point of view that it is quite easy to understand why Tannhäuser, who after all was a musician first and a lover afterwards, wished to make his escape from the Hirselsburg. Miss Nicholls, whose voice has so many beautiful qualities, brought out the real charm of the music that Wagner wrote; her command of tone-colour was quite remarkable. Of course the part of Venus claims double interpretation: it must be sung and it must be acted; and while Miss Nicholls charmed us with her singing, the acting left much to be desired. Perhaps a more dramatic rendering of the part will come with the second performance, which is to be given this week, too late for notice here. But on the night when Fernina sang the Elizabeth music, and Herr Anthes wrestled with the name-part in fashion that, despite certain happy moments, suggested from time to time the labours of a bull in a china-shop, Miss Nicholls' Venus was as far from being satisfactory from the dramatic standpoint

as it was vocally successful, and the shortcomings were emphasised by the contrast with Fernina's exquisitely eloquent gestures. The fault is not altogether with Miss Nicholls; she sings beautifully, and in England singers are brought up to believe nothing more is necessary. If we regard the shortcoming with regret, it is because her Venus, had it been acted as well as it was sung, would have reached the highest point of operatic achievement.

The next performance to claim attention was Madame Kirkby Lunn's Carmen, and we looked for it with some

Madame Lunn has no liking for this rôle. There have been Carmens in plenty since the days when it was first produced in 1875, and Madame Galli-Marié sang the name-part and shocked the modesty of Paris. Minnie Hauk, Marie Rose, Trebelli, Patti, Pauline Lucca, and of course Calvé have given us of their best, but the most of them presented a *cigarrera* who, despite her fascination, bore little or no resemblance either to Merimée's creation or to the girls who pass gay and careless lives in and round the great *Tabaqueria* to-day. Madame Kirkby

Lunn sang Bizet's music with a fidelity to the score and a feeling for its beauty that were as agreeable as they are rare, and her acting, spirited at first, improved steadily as the evening went on, and was at its best in the card scene and in the last act. She made little or no attempt to dance, but some of her movements were quite Spanish, and must have been very carefully studied. We cannot help thinking that, for all the beauty of the singing, Carmen is not a rôle that is suited to Madame Lunn's temperament. Her presentation of the lower side of the character lacks spontaneity. Naturally enough, she has no sympathy with it, and cannot always conceal the fact. Though the impression she created was a very favourable one, we could not feel the true Andalusian atmosphere, that has come to us in Merimée's book,

and, of course, still more in the square beyond the *Tabaqueria* in Seville itself, when the great bell announces the close of the day's work, and Carmen, Frasquita, Mercedes, and her countless companions troop out in their hundreds in pursuit of pleasure.



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misgiving, realising how little Carmen has in common with the rôles in which Madame Lunn has made her greatest successes. The nearest approach to Carmen among the parts associated with the great singer is that of Maddalena in "Rigoletto," and we know that

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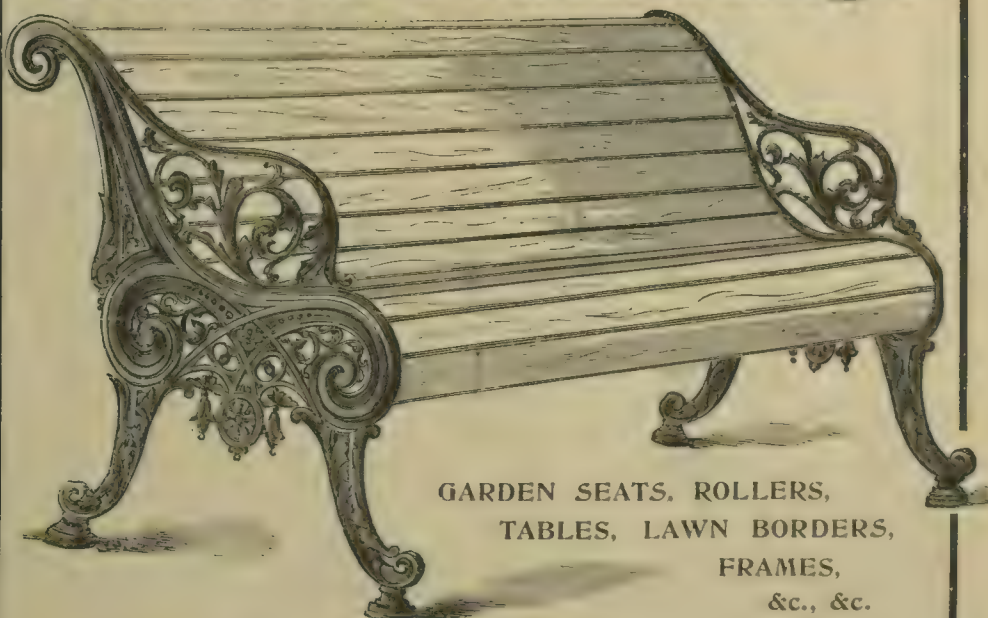
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ART NOTES.

THE collection of engraved portraits from the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle will be on view at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries until the end of June. The privilege of examining this fine gathering of prints of royal association will after that date be no longer obtainable, as the prints are being very greedily appropriated by buyers who desire this truly royal possession. Each print bears the stamp of its high origin; and the opportunity of securing any work of art from such an historic collection will not be let pass by many enthusiasts. The engravings, moreover, are of a very high quality; apart from which their framing, the conventional narrow black and gold with a white mount, and the manner of their hanging on Messrs. Agnew's walls, once again prove what admirable wall furniture the mezzotint or the stipple makes. And perhaps a royal fashion observable here in buying and selling will help to deviate the ordinary rules of purchase; in this collection the large proportion of the comparatively neglected male-portraits is particularly noticeable. Certainly "ladies" have had their full innings in the connoisseurs' portfolios, and man may at last be admitted into those sacred places.

The death of Mr. Brabazon ended a career of singularity. Among artists, who are so seldom without the anxieties of failure and success, or to whom an in-artistic income is so often the prevention of any very great achievement, he stood almost alone. A rich country gentleman, he always proved his excellent taste in the arts of painting, of music, and of living. Spain, Italy, Algeria knew him well; the company he kept was of the most interesting, painters and musicians being of his clan. But he had practised the art of living for over seventy years before he publicly practised the art of painting. He had, unlike Hokusai, who never held a pencil until he was sixty years of age, always amused himself by sketching. Fame and a superfluous income came to him as soon as he was persuaded to exhibit his drawings, and his seeming indifference to either of these perquisites was, most fortunately, accompanied by a complete indifference to criticism. Thus his exhibited drawings were the spontaneous, unaffected impressions of a true colourist's eye, made to satisfy

the painter himself, and never constrained to suit the public view of nature. Independence was the master-key of Mr. Brabazon's success.

A feature of the Spring Exhibition held by Messrs. Arthur Tooth in the new galleries in Bond Street is



PICTURESQUE EUROPE REPRODUCED AT THE MILAN EXHIBITION:
THE SWISS PAVILION.

a series of landscapes by Mr. David Farquharson, A.R.A. Another feature, let us say in an aside, is the gallery itself, which adds yet one more to the picture-palaces of a street that is narrow and generally unambitious exteriorly, but at whose turnstiles an "open-sesame" will admit to vast halls and costly chambers. Mr. Farquharson's canvases are full of a quality which is not of the first brilliance, but which gives the artist a high place among Academical landscape-painters. It is forceful work, and must, let the visitor remember, be seen from an adequate distance, which would seldom be under ten feet. In a year when Mr. Sargent has burst upon us as a painter of landscape it seems inevitable that all other landscapes should be compared with his, as in the past it was the unenviable lot of all other portraits to stand the Sargent test. On these lines we would declare that No. 57, "Hedge-rows in May," would have been more intense in its sunlight had it come from the less academical brush of the Academician. But such criticism is destructive; it should rather be our pleasant task to point out how excellent in its somewhat restricted field is Mr. Farquharson's work—excellent in technique especially. In another room are examples of other and greater masters; a fine specimen—that rare thing!—of Diaz; a beautiful Corot, two most lovely Harpignies, a delicate and charming Matthew Maris, called "The Girl at the Well"; Bastien Lepage's familiar study of a boy, "Pas Mèche," a wholly admirable piece of painting; and, among all these aliens, "The Ducklings" by Millais stands for what was a very capable incident in English art, even while its good painting does not make it an exciting canvas to behold.

The term, whatever it may be, for *entente cordiale* in German should be in request in the studios. Berlin has lately extended a warm welcome to certain classes of English pictures; and now two of the largest of London's galleries are filled with the works of German artists. The Prince's Skating-rink has dissolved its ice, so that one can examine its walls without convulsive gaspings at a hand-rail; and at the Grafton Galleries there is more than the invitation to the dance—there is the invitation to see such fine pictures as Lenbach's, as Fritz von Uhde's, as Fritz von Kaulbach's. The portraits by Kaulbach form an interesting group, of which

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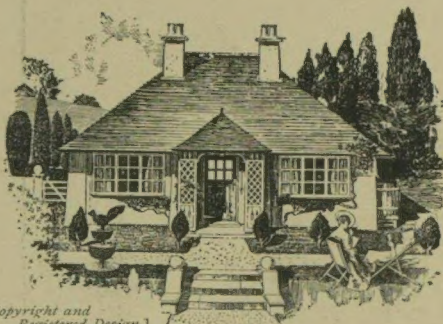
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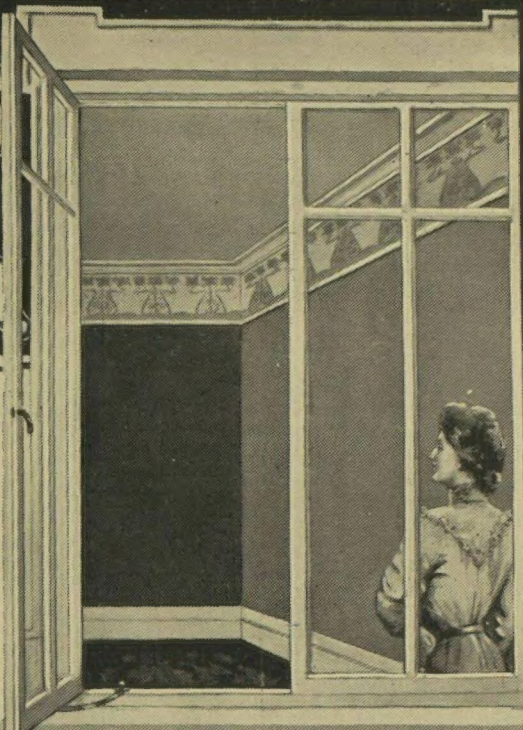
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the most interesting detail is one of "Fräulein W." The lady's splendid colouring—she is dark-complexioned and black-haired—has been skilfully rendered; and, being skilfully rendered, is sufficient in itself to make a fine pictorial effect. We consciously deny the painter praise of very great significance when we select as his best contribution to the exhibition a canvas of which one of the main interests is the chance beauty of the sitter. A finer artist is the illustrious Lenbach, whose triumphs as a portrait-painter are the more remarkable in that his sense of colour is so notably deficient in either power or delicacy. Owing to this deficiency Lenbach's portraits lose practically nothing in the process of reproduction; and the possessors of the great volume of photogravures of his works published some years ago command a gallery in little equal in all values, except the monetary one, to the originals.

W. M.

"Printer's Pie—1906," is once more an excellent annual, on which Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode and Mr. Arthur Croxton are to be heartily congratulated. The best writers and artists contribute, and the Printers' Pension Almhouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation ought to benefit largely from the shillings paid for this bright publication.

A splendid motorists' road-map of England and Southern Scotland has been issued by the makers of "Perrier" table-water. It is one of the most remarkable and useful motorists' charts hitherto published.

According to the author of a booklet on "Ferrotypes Photography" (published at sixpence by H. Dawson and Co., 42, Norfolk Street, Strand), which he describes as "a new pastime," we are likely to see a vigorous revival, in an improved form, of the old "tintypes" with which itinerant photographers made us familiar some years ago. Although produced in a far shorter time, the new ferrotypes are, the author tells us, far superior to the old.

In order to afford Shaksperian enthusiasts and the public generally facilities for visiting the beautiful and interesting country connected with the birth and life of the Immortal Bard, the London and North-Western Railway Company announce that again this year on every Wednesday and Saturday until further notice day excursions will be run from Euston to Stratford-on-Avon. Tickets will also be issued enabling passengers to travel by rail to Kenilworth Station, coach to Kenilworth Castle, Guy's Cliffe, Warwick Castle,

Stratford-on-Avon, and back to Warwick, returning from Warwick Station to London by train. Time will be allowed for meals and visiting the various places of interest.

By an unfortunate error, our portrait of Ibsen in last week's Number was attributed to Mr. Oscar Lob. The artist's name is Mr. Oscar Larum.

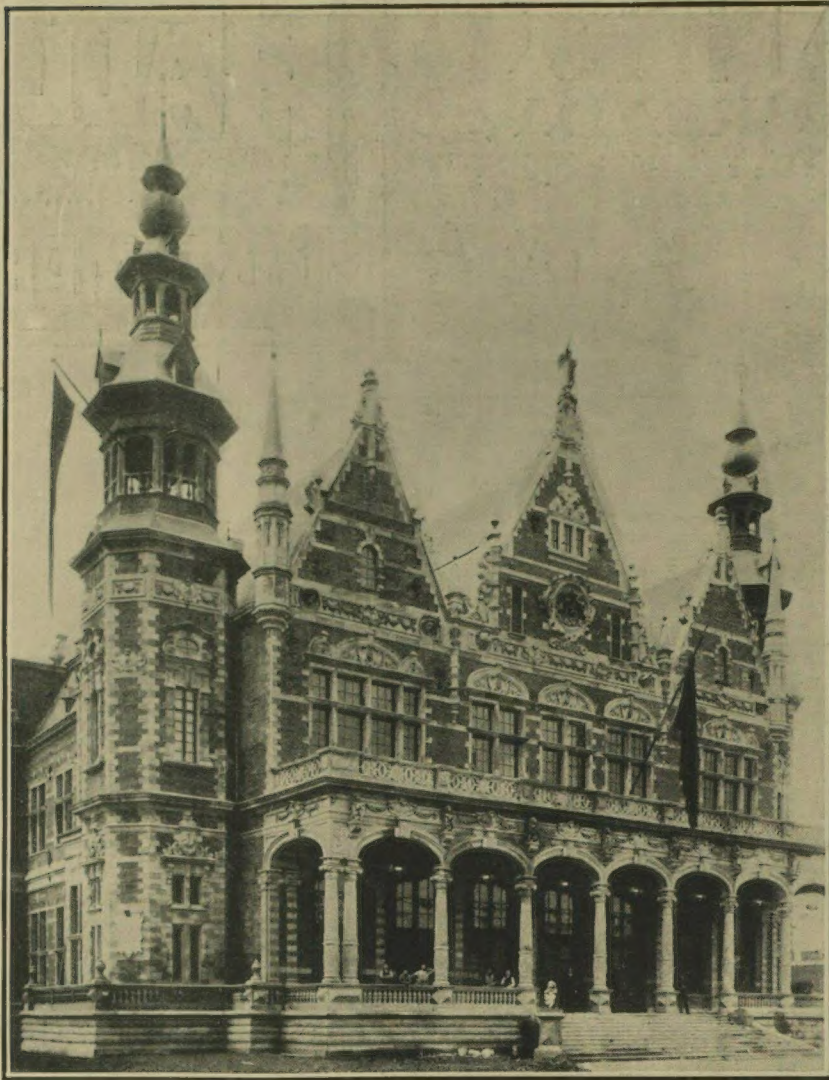


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PICTURESQUE EUROPE REPRODUCED AT THE MILAN EXHIBITION:
THE BELGIAN PAVILION.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"COLONEL NEWCOME." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

ALL things considered, both Mr. Beer-bohm Tree and Mr. Michael Morton may be cordially felicitated on their respective shares in the latest production of His Majesty's Theatre—the actor on so ingeniously and sympathetically portraying the hero, the playwright on so adroitly adapting the story and preserving the atmosphere of Thackeray's great novel of "The Newcomes." The difficulties in Mr. Morton's way were obvious and considerable. Applying himself to the most characteristic work of an artist whose methods were ever leisurely and untheatrical, an artist who delighted in the multiplication of a thousand tiny and subtle strokes of detail, and rarely, for all his love of "the play," indulged in boldly dramatic scenes, the adapter had to present the essential features of the book through a medium which deals of necessity in high lights, broad effects, and concentrated action. There was only one course open to Mr. Morton in making his selection of material—to subordinate all other characters and interests to the central figure of Colonel Newcome, to choose only such incidents from the original as might serve to illustrate the formal deportment, the chivalrous old-world courtesy, the paternal devotion, the simplicity, modesty, sweet temper, and pure-mindedness of the most perfect gentleman of mid-Victorian literature. In the ambition to which Mr. Morton has wisely limited himself, he has very happily succeeded; and if Ethel and Clive Newcome and Madame de Florac and Fred Bayham seem in the play but the thin ghosts of themselves, that is the price we must pay for the full-length portrait of the Colonel and for the very successful recreation, contrived on His Majesty's stage, of mid-Victorian manners and sentiment. The playwright, however, owes much to his chief actor. To hear Mr. Tree's Colonel quavering out an old-fashioned ditty, to see him faltering through the lancers, to observe his assumption of gaiety in the hour of financial ruin is to be reminded afresh what a finished and conscientious character-actor we have in the actor-manager of His Majesty's, and also to get an admirable idea of a just bygone age. Moreover, Mr. Tree's concern with detail does not prevent his suggesting with agreeable lack of staginess the outlines of a singularly frank and simple character. Mrs. Tree's tactful representation

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The air is pumped from the Cap, and the Vacuum thus created encourages a free and normal circulation throughout the scalp. If a tingling, refreshing sensation of renewed circulation is experienced, and a healthy, ruddy glow shows on the scalp's surface after the Cap has been removed, it is proof positive that Nature is still able to do its work, and that the Cap will restore your hair.


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No article of consumption has been subjected to closer scrutiny than whisky. Few whiskies have stood the examination, but every test and every investigation has shown that Old Bushmills is a Pure Malt Pot Still Whisky, distilled under such conditions as to ensure its reaching the consumer in a state of absolute purity.

Every bottle of Old Bushmills is thoroughly matured and guaranteed.

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Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants; or on application to the "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., Belfast, or to their London Office, 20, Mark Lane, E.C., the address of nearest agent will be given.



Clarence

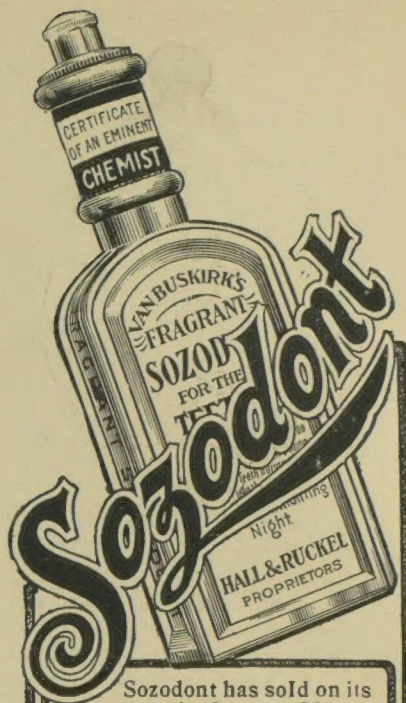
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If you are a discriminating smoker or a connoisseur of fine Virginia Tobacco, you will at once recognise the superiority of these Cigarettes.

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Particulars of MONTHLY PRIZE
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The Improved Furniture Polish gives more brilliant results than Furniture Cream. Disinfects too. Patent Cap prevents spilling. Bottles 6d. and 1/-.

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The IDEAL POLISH for personal use. Makes boot cleaning easy and delightful. A single application lasts for days. It does not soil the clothes. Damp-resisting, preservative. Best for box calf, glacé kid, all boots, black or brown. Tins, 2d., 4d., 6d. Outfits, 1/- Grocers, bootmakers, leather merchants, etc.

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Housewives sing its praises. Marvellously rapid and lasting. The best brightener of brass and all metals. Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d. Grocers, oilmen, etc. Send for Dainty FREE SAMPLE of both polishes, and also of Chiswick Carpet Soap, which cleans all carpets without taking them up. Enclose 1d. stamp.

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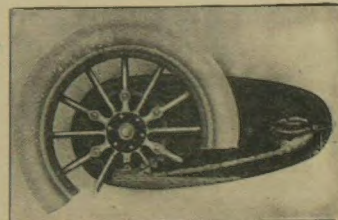
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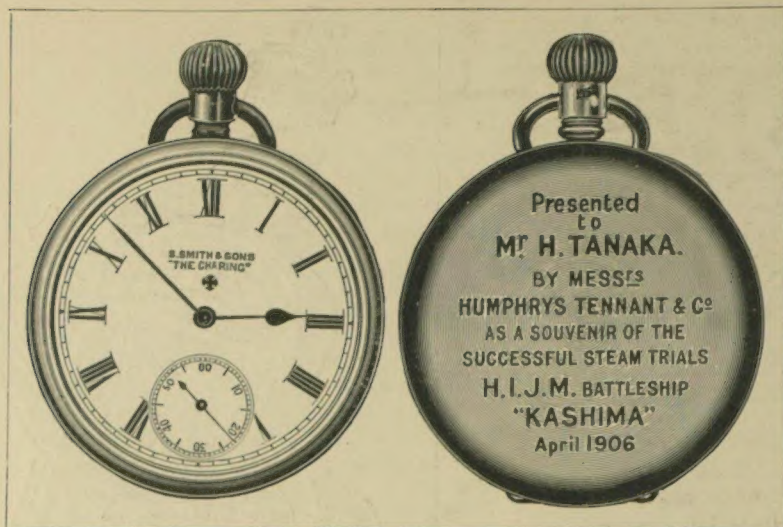


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ENGLISH WATCHES FOR JAPANESE SAILORS.

A large order for watches for the entire crew of his Imperial Japanese Majesty's battle-ship the "Kashima," as a memento of that ship's successful steam trials, has just been placed with Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, Limited, of 9, Strand, London, W. They have appropriately named the watch the "Charing Cross." It is a distinct step in advance of anything yet attempted in this country.

of the "Old Campaigner," and Miss Marion Terry's exquisite study of Mme. de Florac are worthy of association with the Colonel Newcome of Mr. Tree. Good, too, are the "F.B." of Mr. Lyn Harding, the Rosey of Miss Marie Löhr, the Barnes of Mr. Norman Forbes, the Farintosh of Mr. Sydney Brough, and, though clean-shaven, the Clive of Mr. Basil Gill. But Miss Lilian Braithwaite by no means indicates the vivacity

his lady-love's consent. The actor perhaps rather over-emphasises the North Countryman's eccentricity, but he carries through his scenes with breezy humour and due regard to dialect.

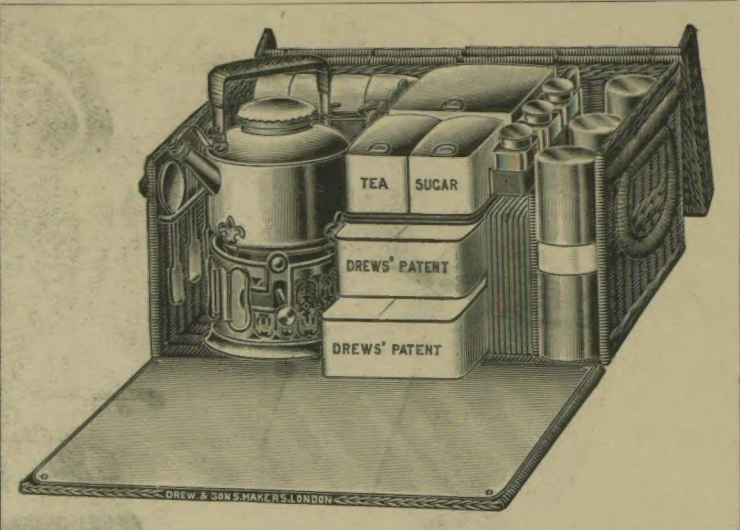
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AGAIN AT THE ADELPHI.

Mrs. De la Pasture's comedy, "The Lonely Millionaires," having failed to justify anticipations at the

and high-spiritedness of Ethel Newcome.

"THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING." AT THE GARRICK.

By way of strengthening a programme which already in Mr. Sutro's story of "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" contained no lack of entertainment, Mr. Arthur Bouchier produced on Derby Day last week as a first piece at the Garrick a droll little rustic comedy written by the lady novelist whose pseudonym is "M. E. Francis" and entitled "The Third Time of Asking." What is more, Mr. Bouchier himself assumed the chief rôle in the tiny play, that of a rough-and-ready Lancashire lad who scarcely knows the right way to win a woman, and puts up the banners of marriage and warns off other suitors before he has won

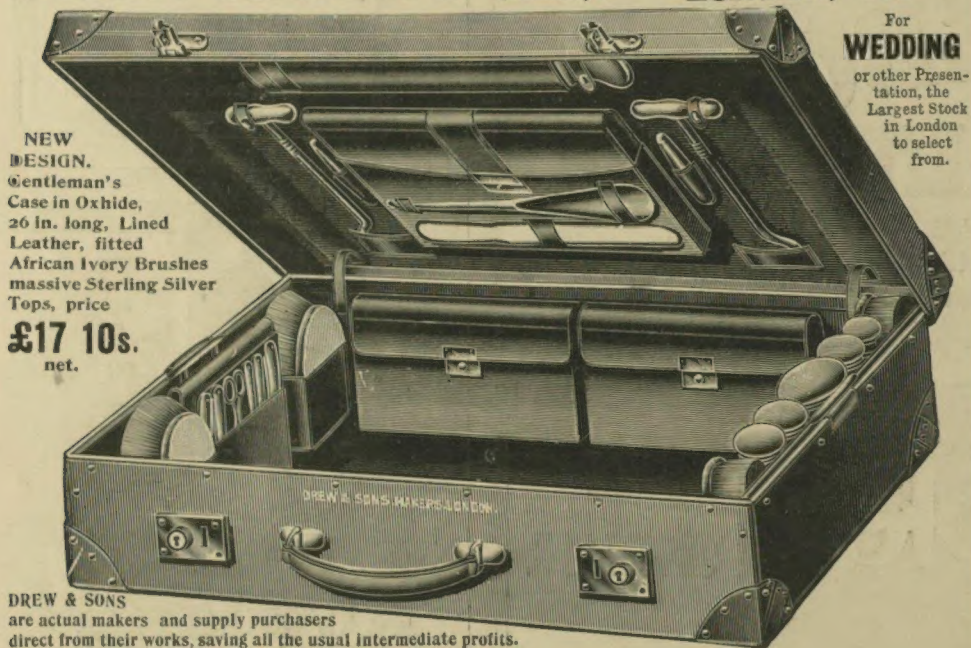


A TEA AND LUNCH BASKET FOR MOTORISTS.

Messrs. Drew and Sons, Piccadilly Circus, have devised a combined tea and luncheon basket. It provides for all the wants of four persons—provision-boxes, cups, saucers, plates, kettle, cutlery, etc. The fittings are silver-plated, and over all, besides the lid of the basket, a waterproof cover drops, to keep out dust.

Adelphi, Mr. Otho Stuart has put up in its place "The Taming of the Shrew," which seems now to have become an inevitable and invaluable stopgap at this theatre. The Adelphi interpretation of this Shaksperian farce is too familiar—and too good—to need any detailed commendation. By this time Mr. Oscar Asche's Petruchio and Miss Lily Brayton's Katherine have attained to well-nigh classic rank.

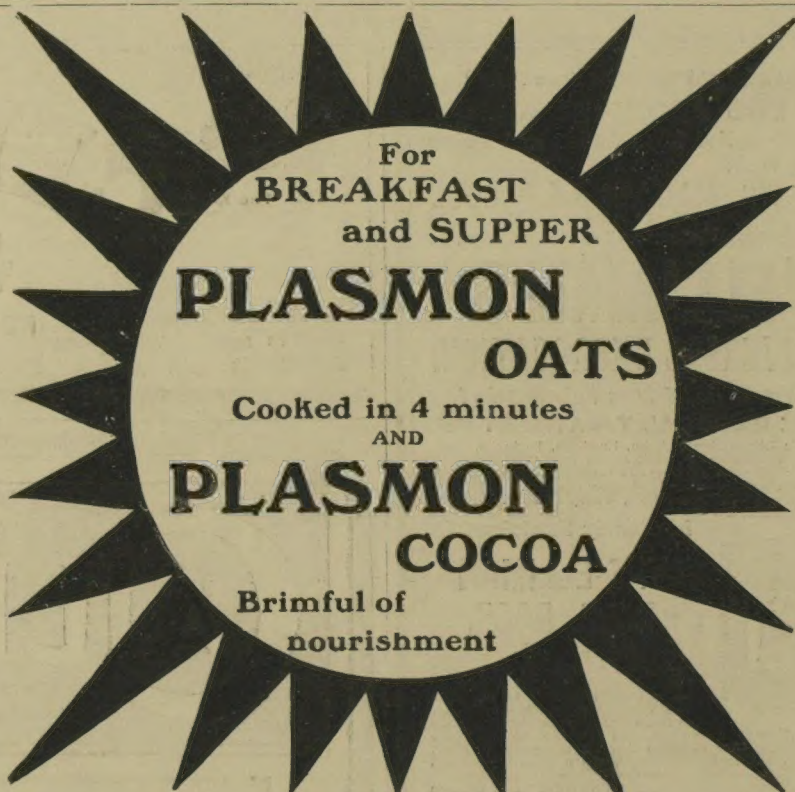
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Marlow	arr.	11	35	Marlow	arr.	7	26
Shiplake	arr.	11	4	Maidenhead	arr.	8	32
Henley-on-Thames	arr.	11	8	Taplow	arr.	8	38
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